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LADY AMPHILL.

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THE Journal for all interested in

Country Life and Country Pursuits

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EDITORIAL - NOTICE.

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PARLIAMENT AND LAND.

A VERY critical moment has been reached in the history of the land legislation of the present Government, and it is very desirable that as much light as possible, without the engendering of heat, should be thrown on the discussion. The political situation can be summed up in a very few words. On one side are the extremists of the Liberal Party, who contend that the great body of Scottish opinion is with them, and that small holdings are much desired in Scotland. This is the contention of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman and of Mr. Sinclair, the two men chiefly responsible for the measure in question. On the other hand, it is contended by Mr. Balfour and his Conservative friends that the outcry is, to a large extent, imaginary, and that, at any rate, the Bill is a rash and unconsidered attempt to deal with the situation; that it introduces many dangerous innovations into British legislation, and that it is more likely to embitter the relations between landlord and tenant than to render them more friendly. Backing up the Conservatives is an influential body of moderate Liberals, of whom the best known are Sir R. C. Munro-Ferguson and Sir Edward Tennant. They have spoken and voted against the measure in the House of Commons, and the only question is as to what extent their opposition will extend. It cannot be said that they represent only the antagonism of a knot of Whig landlords, as the most enlightened exponent of moderate Liberalism in the Press—the *Edinburgh Review*—is entirely on their side, and in its latest number, as well as in the one preceding it, prints a damaging criticism of the projected enactment. The reviewer's contention is that the Bill was, in the first place, begotten by the merest theorists, and that those who have watched its Parliamentary fortunes have had no thoroughly practical experience in regard to land. One of the principal objections taken is to the establishment of a land court. So far, this institution belongs entirely to Ireland, and the difference between the Government and the Opposition is that the former regards its establishment there as a precedent, while the latter looks upon it as a grave and serious warning. They assert that the state of things after the land court has been at work for a great number of years is worse than it was

before it existed. These considerations will have to be carefully weighed by the House of Lords, before whom the measure will come. That it will not be rejected is very well known, and, indeed, it would be worse than folly for Lord Lansdowne to take up that course.

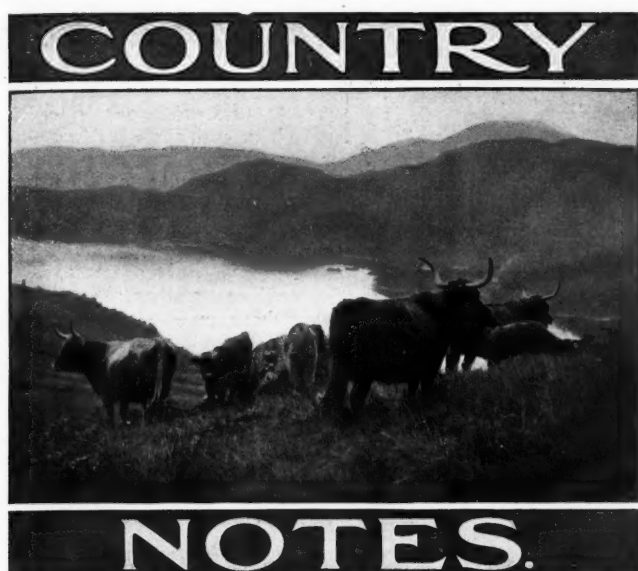
"Crofterisation" of the Lowlands may not be desirable—we do not think it is—but the flocking of Scottish peasants into the towns is a fact which cannot be ignored, and Parliament, including the House of Lords, if it is to be of any use at all in guiding the national fortunes, ought to take measures to check this movement. The necessity of having a peasant population is so well recognised as to require no argumentative support. On the other hand, it would be very difficult indeed to reshape this proposed measure without mutilating its past recognition, and this mutilation is precisely what the Government will most resent. Still, that is the obvious course to be followed. The members of the House of Lords, if they are experts in anything in the world, know something about land, and if they bring their experience to bear on the clauses of the Bill without indulging in bitter arguments and denunciation, they may rest certain that truth in the end will prevail. No indignation whatever would, in our opinion, be aroused by any action that had the effect of giving time for further consideration of this measure. It has been much too hastily drawn up, and it has been thrust through the House of Commons without anything like adequate discussion. The land system of Scotland has grown up in the course of ages and adjusted itself to meet the special surroundings of the country. It is safe to say that there has been no discontent such as was aroused in Ireland, and to copy Irish legislation is, at the best, a very risky experiment. Probably the Bill would never have received the sanction of the House of Commons if moderate Liberals had not in their heart of hearts trusted that the Lords would either throw it out altogether or modify to a considerable extent the objectionable clauses. This curious trust in the House of Lords on the part of a section of the Liberal Party is one of the most striking features in a situation that could easily become whimsical.

A proposal has been made that the House of Lords should postpone dealing with the Scottish Small Landowners Bill until the English Bill is also before them. This may be inevitable, but it would be regrettable. We have never had an opinion other than that the English Bill is, on the whole, a fairly reasonable one. With a few emendations it could easily be made practical and workmanlike, but if it were considered in conjunction with the Scottish Bill there would scarcely be left open any other course except throwing out both of them. Probably when the two opposite political forces meet in a pitched battle, it will be over the clause that gives power to an official of the Board of Agriculture and Fisheries to go down to the country and interfere between the landowner, the County Council and the applicants for small holdings. Yet no insuperable difficulty to the passage of the Bill ought to rest on this. All that is required is a meeting between two or three representatives of the House of Lords who have a thorough understanding of the question, and two or three members of the Government, with Mr. Lewis Harcourt among them. He has shown the utmost tact and skill in piloting the measure through the difficulties of the House of Commons, and knows enough about the question to effect a compromise. At the same time, we cannot help repeating how much we dislike the practice of rushing such a Bill as this through Committee, and thereby escaping the full and necessary attention which it would otherwise have received in the House of Commons. A committee and a guillotine taken in conjunction are fatal to good legislation, and it should not be forgotten that many recent Bills have left the House of Commons in a condition that was no credit to that assembly. The Education Bill offers a case in point, where the actual wording conveyed a meaning directly opposite to that which the promoters of the measure meant. If that could take place in an Education Bill, it is much more likely to do so in a Land Bill, because the legal questions affecting the latter are far more involved and complicated. So much for the Government side; but the Opposition ought to remember that it is of very little use for them to oppose merely for the sake of opposing. Sooner or later the Bill will become law, and the best and wisest course for those interested in it is to try and make it as sound and good a law as possible.

Our Portrait Illustration.

OUR front space this week is a portrait of Lady Amptill. Lady Amptill is a sister of Earl Beauchamp, and her marriage to Lord Amptill, the second Baron, took place in 1894.

* * It is particularly requested that no permissions to photograph houses, gardens, or livestock on behalf of COUNTRY LIFE be granted except when direct application is made from the offices of the paper. When such requests are received, the Editor would esteem the kindness of readers if they would forward the correspondence at once to him.



IN succession to Field-Marshal His Royal Highness the Duke of Connaught and Strathearn, Sir John French has been appointed Inspector-General of the Forces. This announcement will give universal satisfaction. South Africa, which has made and marred so many fortunes, proved to the world that Sir John French was one of our ablest officers. As General Officer Commanding-in-Chief the Aldershot Command, his work has also given universal satisfaction. His career has been very brilliant in its later stages, but it must be remembered that it took the country some time to recognise his merits. He entered the Army as long ago as 1874, after having served as a naval cadet and a midshipman in the Royal Navy for four years. Originally he joined the 8th Hussars, but was transferred to the 19th Hussars, with whom he served in the Sudan Campaign of 1884. It was not until the war with South Africa that he had a full opportunity of displaying those soldier-like qualities which have won him the approbation of those in authority and the confidence of the people at large.

One cannot help thinking it a great mistake on the part of Australia to impose a duty of 6d. a pound on English magazines. This, in the opinion of those who understand the question best, is likely to stop their circulation among our Australian friends. This is a pity, because the reading by Colonials of English magazines was a useful means of keeping them in touch with the Mother Country. But the proceeding may be criticised from a much higher standpoint. The duty is, in the strictest sense of the term, a tax on knowledge, and therefore objectionable. The idea of the politicians no doubt is to encourage the production of Colonial magazines, but it is obvious that no publication emanating from Sydney or Melbourne, able though it may be from the literary point of view, can supply exactly the same thing as a London periodical. The step taken by the Colonial Government is one that tends to set up a barrier between Great Britain and Australia. The barrier is an intellectual one, but is no less important on that account.

Some time ago we commented on the establishment of a new readership in Forestry at the University of Cambridge and its immense importance to East Anglia, where there are special reasons why the sons of landowners and others should receive an adequate training in forestry. To fill the post a very excellent choice has been made, as Dr. Augustine Henry is to be the new professor. His previous work and career are almost too well known to need recapitulation. A passion for wood lore has led him at various times to many distant lands. His name was made by the exploration he accomplished in China when he investigated the botany of the country to good purpose. Afterwards he studied forestry in France, and followed up what he had learned by visits to the United States, Canada, Algeria, Corsica and Italy. Latterly he has been engaged, in collaboration with Mr. Henry Elwes, in producing the "Trees of Great Britain."

In his new post Dr. Henry will have an arduous and difficult task to perform. In spite of much that has been written in the newspapers, there is among estate-owners a strong feeling that it is difficult to make tree-planting remunerative. A case came before us the other day in which a well-known landowner designated much of what was written about forestry as the merest twaddle. His own experience of a well-wooded estate was that it was difficult to obtain a price for timber that would repay the cost of felling, and even when he succeeded in arranging a sale he found that unless he could secure immediate

payment, the chances were that the purchasers went bankrupt and left him to account for a loss. We hope that facilities will be given to Dr. Henry for practical experiment and demonstration. It is no use urging landowners to plant trees unless it can be shown that doing so will increase the present value of the soil. No theorist has yet been able to perform this feat. But in spite of all this there remains the fact that every heir to an estate and every agent whose object is to manage an estate ought to have a working knowledge of forestry.

Everybody who has an idea in these days would like to propagate it by means of a congress. But it is somewhat odd to see those who wish to spread the use of the language called Esperanto meeting in a centre of learning like Cambridge. For whatever may be the merits of the scheme, it is certainly unscholarly. Those who advance its claims do not make any pretence of having a regard for the interests of literature. They are indeed—though this may be an accident—people who are generally designated as faddists. But as Wordsworth pointed out in one of the most beautiful of his sonnets, there is no treasure possessed by Englishmen of more value than the tongue of Chaucer and of Milton, and what the masters of literature wrote could never be translated into Esperanto. One has only to go abroad and look at the attempts to render our most characteristic writers into French or German to see the hopelessness of translation. The music of the original, and every fine thought in its expression which is harmonious, are entirely lost during translation, while those idioms that are of the very essence of our language can be rendered into no other tongue. This is the consideration that prevents all who have a reverence for the greatest literature the world has produced from favouring in any way this new so-called universal language. Even after it has been mastered it reads like the corruption of a thousand dialects.

IN THE TWILIGHT.

Two old folks before the fire
Speechless sit, with dull, grey eyes
Void of passion and desire,
Gazing on the smouldering coals:
Yet, from them, as daylight dies,
Seems the body's worn attire
Fallen, and I see their souls—

Two young souls that stand upright,
Stript of earth's dull, mortal guise,
Poised with pinions spread for flight
Through infinity's glad ways;
For, while yet the body's eyes
Watch the ember's dying light,
On the dawn the soul's eyes gaze.

WILFRID WILSON GIBSON.

In discussing the advisability of admitting artisans to the advantages of University education, it is extremely desirable that all sorts of sentimentality and of politics should be laid aside. If the matter becomes, as threatened to be the case at the Oxford meeting, a matter of discussion between two sections of the public, nothing practicable is ever likely to be done; but, at the moment, we have the University authorities favourable to such a movement, and we have a number of those who claim to be leaders of the working man desirous of entering upon it, while the Education Department, as represented by Sir R. Morant, has promised support, financial and moral. Therefore political argument is quite unnecessary. What the situation requires is that someone should draw up definite proposals, and that these should be discussed exactly as though they were business propositions, without importing into them partisanship and politics.

Railway companies seem to require a great deal of urging in order to make them attend to the comfort of travellers. This refers especially to their third-class passengers, who form the sheet-anchor of the railway interest. For example, the proposal to extend to them the advantages of sleeping accommodation on night trains will have to be drummed in for a long time before it receives adequate attention. There can be no doubt about the demand. A considerable number of those who usually travel third-class very often take first-class tickets by a night train just because they want an opportunity of sleeping, which means a gain of several hours the next day. The suggestion is that the present seats might be utilised and a second shelf or bed placed above each of them, as is done on the Continental railways. In this way each compartment would hold four, which would be a good average for a night train, and, at any rate, the passenger would not object to paying a little more for the sleeping accommodation.

Another reform that we have often urged upon the railway companies is that they should alter the dates of their week-end tickets. Originally these tickets were made for people who were

taking an occasional holiday, and who had made arrangements to stay away from the Friday night till the Tuesday; but this is obviously unsuitable to men in business who regularly go week-ending. To them it would be much more convenient if the tickets were available any time between Thursday and Monday morning. To most of those who are engaged in offices Monday and Tuesday are very important days indeed, while Thursday and Friday could frequently be made holidays of. It would add very much to the popularity of week-end tickets if the railway companies could see their way to adopt this suggestion. They could, at all events, give an alternative—that is, permit the passenger either to choose Thursday and Monday or Friday and Tuesday tickets.

Recently a complaint has been made, not without good reason, that the introduction of tubes and electric omnibuses has had a deteriorating effect on the manners of Londoners. Everybody connected with these institutions seems to be in a hurry; the passengers are in a hurry to get into their places and to their journey's end, and the officials are in a hurry to get the passengers away; but hurry and good manners are as unfitted to live together as age and youth. The passenger is rapidly learning to jostle and rush, and the official is acquiring a rudeness that seems foreign to the English capital. Courtesy hitherto has been a distinguishing feature of all such servants of the public as omnibus conductors, railway porters, guards and so forth. It would be a very great pity indeed if the influence of the tube should have the effect of making the officials less courteous to the public whom they serve.

Something like dismay has fallen upon the cricket world. The M.C.C. for some time past had been engaged in preparing a representative team to visit Australia in the autumn. A few years ago, to be asked to join in such an expedition was considered an honour; but on this occasion several of the professionals have refused, among them being Tyldesley, Hayward, Hirst and Lilley. This strike in miniature is, it is scarcely necessary to say, based on commercial reasons. As usual, the M.C.C. offered £300 each to the players who went out to Australia. This was considered not to be enough, as several of them have businesses which would suffer considerably during their absence. Hence the refusals. It is impossible to avoid regret that a question of money should come in the way of a contest for supremacy in cricket between Great Britain and Australia; but, on the other hand, those who manage the matches keep so very keen an eye on the gate-money that we cannot blame the professionals for endeavouring to make the best bargains they can. Those who have refused are men who have already made their name and fame in the world, and who have nothing to gain in that way. They can scarcely be blamed, then, for the course they have taken.

Quite unnoticed by the rest of the world, the Federation of Chess Players is holding its congress at the Crystal Palace this week, where great contests are going on. There are the British Chess Championship to be decided and the British Ladies' Chess Championship, and several tournaments for amateurs. Among the competitors for the Chess Championship we notice some interesting inclusions and some equally interesting exclusions. Among the claimants to the title are Mr. H. E. Atkins, who is the present holder of the trophy, and Mr. Wainwright, the chairman of the City of London Chess Club. But we notice that the name of Mr. J. H. Blackburne is absent from the list, and surely he, if anyone, ought to make a bold bid for the championship even in his declining years. Indeed, the list does not contain the name of anyone who is, strictly speaking, a professional, so that we scarcely see the reason for making a distinction between the Chess Championship and the amateur tournaments. The contest for the Ladies' Championship promises to be very keen, as the game has become more and more a favourite among women during recent years. Some of the younger ladies are becoming very proficient, although the older players are still able to hold their own.

It is a singular fact that the very best sea-trout, so far as the present writer's experience goes—and it is fairly extensive as regards our native shores and rivers—are caught on a coast where there is no river of any size for them to run up—no river, at least, up which they do seem to run at all readily. The coast referred to is the East Norfolk Coast. Magnificent sea-trout up to 7lb. and 9lb. in weight, and probably much more, are taken in the nets just off shore. It does not seem at all clear where these fish spawn. The writer has caught a sea-trout of nearly 3lb. up a ridiculously small stream, considering the size of the fish, in that country, and it is possible that these small streams are the nurseries of the big sea-trout caught off the coast. But what a thousand pities that there is not a fine river where we might angle for these fine trout with fly! It has to be confessed with shame that the fish spoken of above was taken with a worm.

But it was a case of necessity; there was no chink of room for offering him a fly.

One of the wild birds which is most easily tamed and is very picturesque in a garden is the peewit—the green plover which lays the "plovers' eggs." It can be kept with a clipped wing in a walled or otherwise suitably enclosed garden, and soon comes to know its feeder and the gardeners. When the ground is moist it hardly requires feeding, picking up insect food for itself and doing a good service to the gardener as it does so. In dry weather and in winter, when there are no insects, it has to be fed, and, of course, requires water to drink. It seems to like almost any kind of soft food. Its weakest point as a pet is its defencelessness against cats. Unless these can be excluded, or can be taught to respect it, it is very likely indeed to fall a prey to them.

The destruction of birds by telephone and telegraph wires is an old and familiar story. A new and reversed version of it is recorded from the Falkland Islands, where a new telephone wire which is being put up is constantly being broken by the wild geese flying against it. Probably the goose, after the violent contact, is not quite the bird it was before; but that is not much satisfaction to the person who wants to send a message across the damaged wire. The mode of protecting grouse from the wires across a moor is to tie rags or other substances to the wires, to make them conspicuous. A similar means of advertisement might be useful in protecting the Falkland Islands wires from the attacks of the geese, for it is probably only because they do not see the wires that they strike against them.

ON THE SANDHILLS.

Under a heaven of intensest blue,
The golden sandhills gleamed, and far away
The laughter of quick ripples in the bay
Flashed to the sun; and there where pansies grew
And overhead the seagulls screamed and flew
We found a feather fallen, black and grey,
Where one had stopt awhile his wandering way;
Then, rising high, rejoined his clamorous crew.
Strong heart! though all the winds confederate rave,
Nurtured and bred 'neath some tempestuous star,
Companion of the wide sea's wanderings!
Where followest thou the solitary wave,
What cliffs re-echo to thy screams afar,
What waters hold the shadow of thy wings?

ROBIN FLOWER.

During the coming month or so it would be very good to be a boy rejoicing in his holiday from Board School, for the crop of blackberries and nuts promises to be well above the average, and these are things that go far to the filling of the cup of the schoolboy's happiness in the summer holidays. It is also a most favourable season for wasps, and these again are elements in the delights and dangers of the year. After this it will seem but a little matter to the ordinary boy that the second crop of roses promises wonderfully well. The bud is very plentiful, and these second buds have the better chance of coming to perfection, because the trees were not exhausted by the effort of bringing a great number of the first buds to fulfilment. One of the points of the season in the rose-grower's view was the length of time that such delicately-coloured blooms as those of William Allen Richardson kept their deep glow in the absence of much sun to bleach their hues.

It is possible that it may be partly the cause of our cold summer and partly an effect due to the same cause common to both that the ice in the Eastern Arctic Ocean in the neighbourhood of the Spitzbergen coast was found to be so severe that the steamship Vectis, which conveys tourists on pleasure trips, was unable to reach that country, the original bourne of her last voyage. She has just returned, having taken her passengers, who had booked for Spitzbergen, to the Lofoden Islands instead, by way of giving them an interesting trip for their money.

The present year is a wonderfully good one for outdoor plums of all kinds, and there will, no doubt, be a glut in the market which will render them well-nigh unsaleable. It has been a great year for many kinds of fruit, and cherries have been particularly abundant, if not very large. On the other hand, it has been a very bad year for picking them. A great quantity have of necessity been picked wet, and those who are in the habit of making cherry jam cannot fail to know by sad experience what that means—that the jam is nearly certain to ferment and not to keep well. It is part and parcel of the same trouble that we have with the hay this year. Much of it has been put away rather damp, or over damp ground, out of which the stack seems to suck up moisture, for while dry overnight, the hay in the stack will sometimes feel damp to the hand in the morning. There have been many more than the usual number of hot stacks this summer, and they still want watching.

YACHTING AT COWES.



W. U. Kirk & Sons.

METEOR.

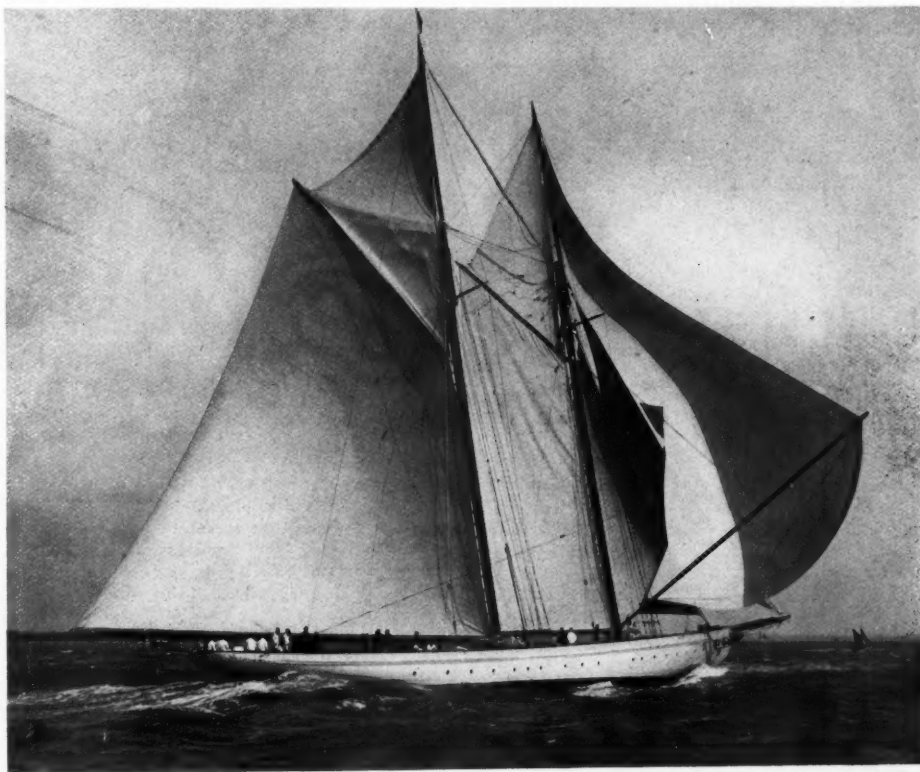
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COWES WEEK has for many years enjoyed the reputation of being the principal yachting fixture of the season; but the festival of 1907 will long be remembered as one of the most successful in the annals of the Royal Yacht Squadron. For a week or more

prior to the opening of the regatta, yachts had been converging on the Garden Island from all points of the compass, and the spectacle when racing commenced on August 5th was a remarkable one. To the eastward of Cowes, as far as the eye could see, rode the warships of the Home Fleet, while off the mouth of the Medina were assembled yachts of every rig and tonnage. Such a fleet of pleasure craft has probably never before been seen in the Roads, and clustered round the Victoria and Albert were many of the finest yachts afloat. Numbered by the hundred and ranging from the palatial steam vessel down to the tiny rater, it

were impossible to enumerate them all, but among the most prominent were the following: Britannia, His Majesty the King; Meteor, His Imperial Majesty the German Emperor; White Heather, Mr. Myles B. Kennedy; Brynhild, Sir James Pender; Nyria, Mr. Robert W. N. Young; Cetonia,

Lord Iveagh; Clara, Herr Max Guillaume; Susanne, Herr Huldshinsky; Cariad, Lord Dunraven; Carina, Mr. A. L. Pearse; Creole, Colonel V. Bagot; Britomart, Mr. W. P. Burton; Shimna, Mr. W. Yates; Ma'ona, Mr. Talbot Clifton; Viera, Messrs. F. and C. H. Last; Maymon, Mr. George Terrell; Gauntlet, Mr. J. R. Payne; L'Esperance, Mr. Ingleby; Harmony, Earl of Albemarle and Lord Brassey; Merrymaid, Mr. Terry; Evelyn, Mr. C. Flett; Adela, Mr. Claud Cayley; Erin, Sir Thomas Lipton; Sheila, H.R.H. Princess Henry of Battenberg; Sunbeam, Lord Brassey; Gria-naig, Duke of



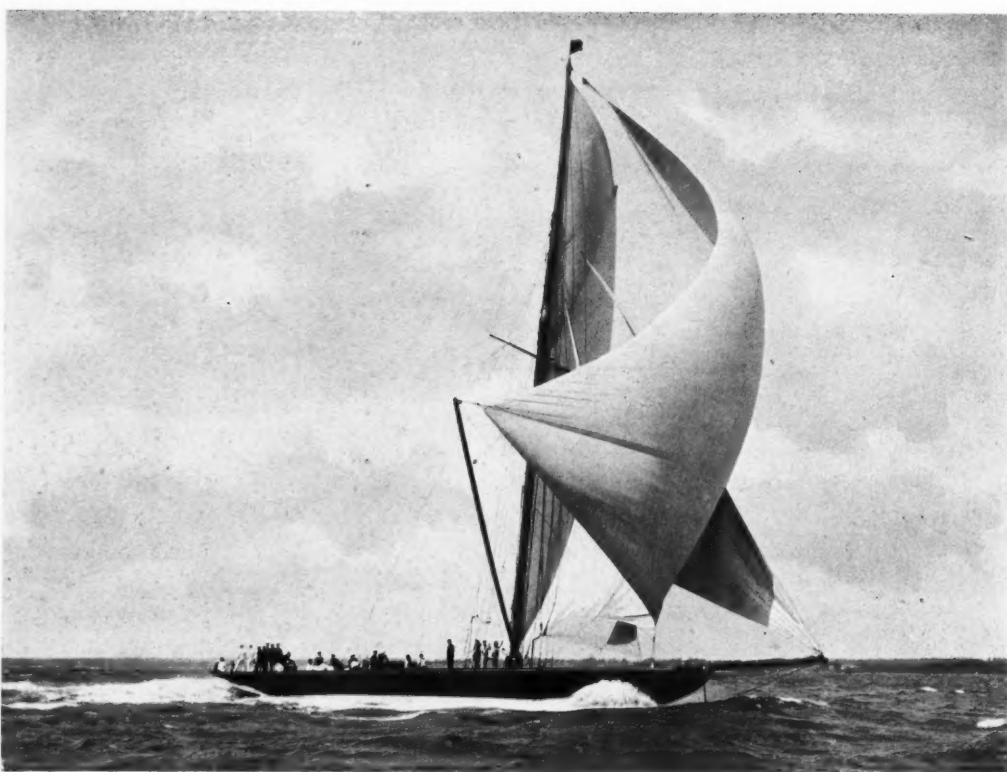
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METEOR IN THE KING'S CUP.

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Westminster; Ceto, Lord Iveagh; Betty, Mr. Hamilton Benn; Honor, Baron de Forest; Oceana, Mr. G. A. Tonge; and Medora, Mr. J. F. Schwann. Of all the yachts in the tideway none commanded more attention than His Majesty's Britannia, and the sight of the famous old cutter, with her Royal owner on board and Captain Carter at the helm as of yore, awakened memories of many a glorious victory achieved in these waters. Perhaps the finest spectacle of all the week was the illumination of the fleet. A rocket soared towards the heavens, and instantly the hulls and rigging of 200 craft blazed into light. Considering the congested state of the anchorage, the casualty list was a light one, at any rate among those at moorings, and although one or two craft were fouled by passing vessels, the damage sustained was comparatively trivial. With the yachts engaged in racing, however, it was another story; for, with strong winds obtaining during the greater part of the week, gear was tried to the utmost, and several of the competitors shed spars in the course of the regatta.

The programme arranged possessed many features of interest, and was, on the whole, productive of good racing. It must, however, be confessed that our premier yacht club does not do as much as it might to foster the sport in its highest form. The *crème de la crème* of yacht-racing is that which takes place under Yacht Racing Association conditions, in which the competitors are all of similar type and size, and the first home is the winner. But the Squadron, possibly for the sake of securing larger entries, continues to favour handicap racing, and the most coveted trophies of the week have been devoted to that form of sport. The result of this policy has been that in some races the competing craft have ranged from 50 tons to over 400 tons, and uniformity

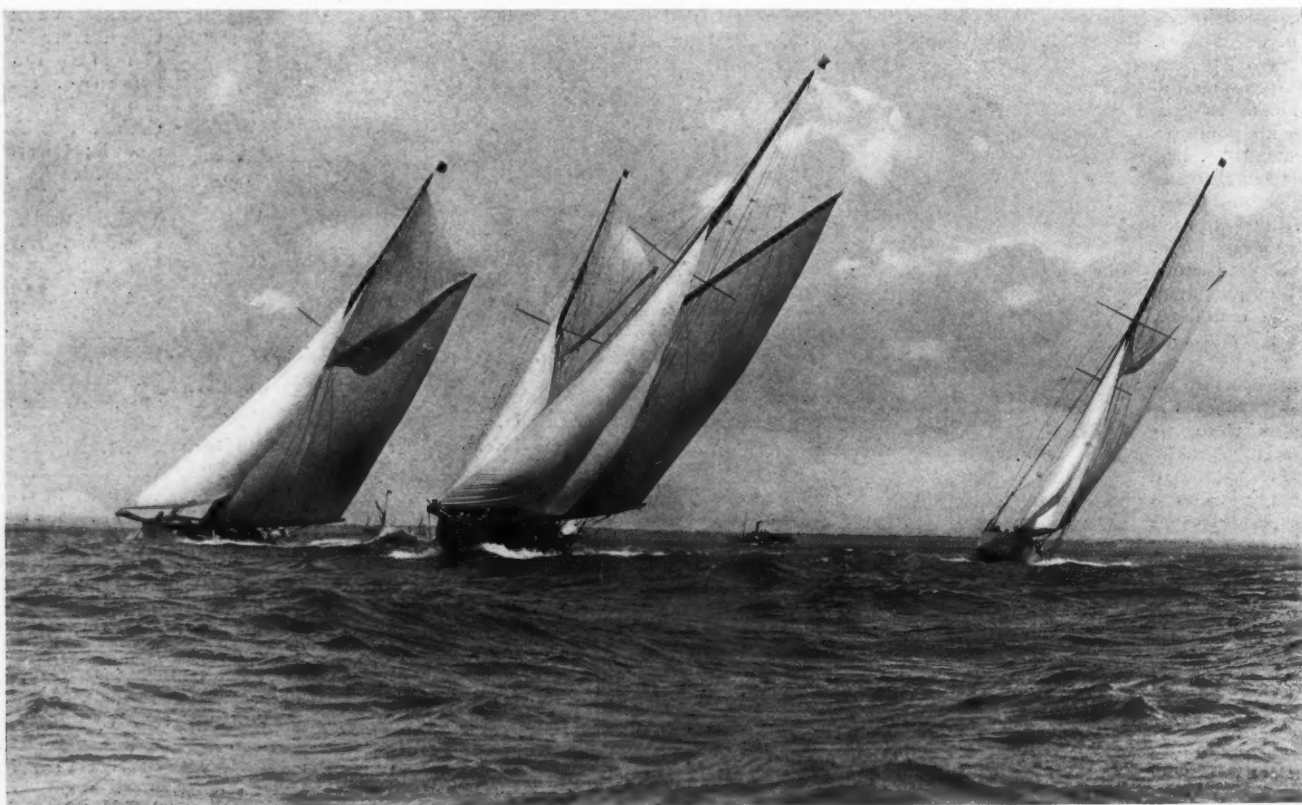


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BRYNHILD.

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in type and rig has been conspicuous by its absence. To bring such yachts together a very large time allowance is necessary, which robs the racing of all interest. In the match for the King's Cup, for instance, the scratch yacht Brynhild was set to concede no less than 74 min. to Laverock, and even that proved insufficient to give the latter a winning chance. When one considers that such a vessel as Brynhild is capable of covering a distance of fourteen or fifteen miles in the time, the absurdity of such racing is at once apparent. Fortunately there were craft in the race sufficiently well matched to raise the sport above the level of mediocrity, and, with plenty of wind to drive the big boats, the match was not lacking in excitement. The Royal Yacht Squadron has long been the recipient of Royal patronage, a cup having been annually presented by the reigning



F. W. Beken.

THE START FOR 15-MÈTRE CLASS FOR LADY DUDLEY'S CUP.

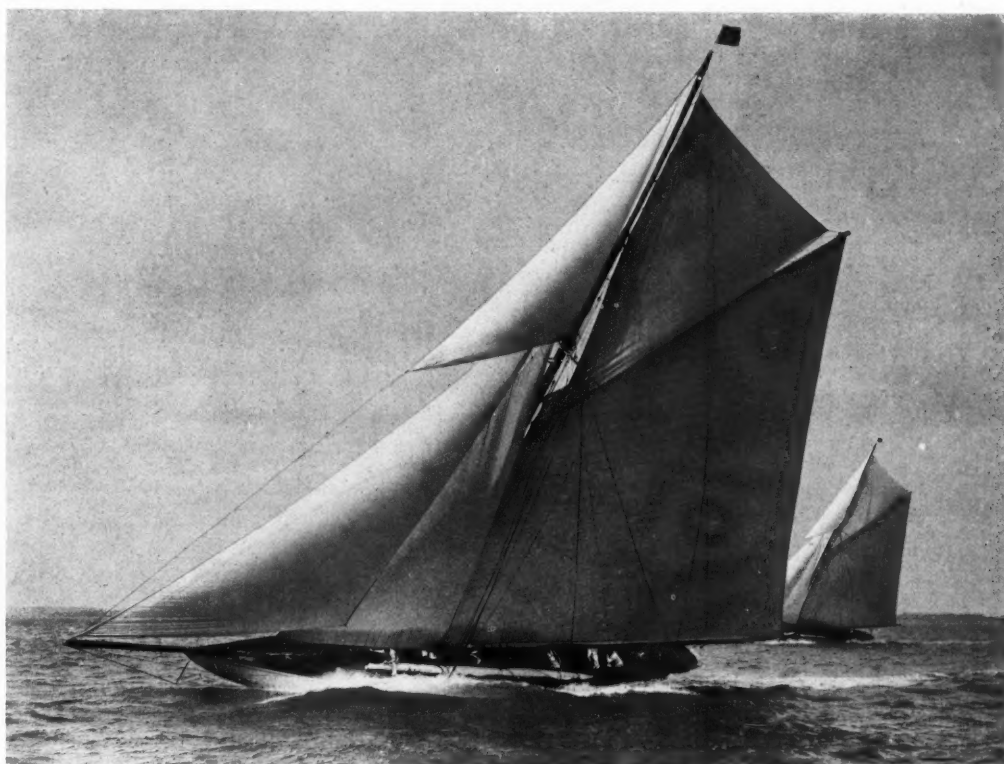
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Sovereign since 1830. The German Emperor, also, for several years past has given a cup for yachts over 40 tons owned by members of any recognised English or foreign yacht club, and it is hoped that his much-valued prize will become a permanent feature of the festival.

In accordance with custom, the races on the opening day were sailed under the burgee of the Royal London Yacht Club, which had arranged a particularly attractive programme. Unfortunately, the sport was somewhat marred by the lightness of the wind, which necessitated the shortening of the course in all races save that for schooners. The principal event was a match for the 23-mètre class, which brought out the three big cutters *White Heather*, *Brynhild* and *Nyria*. At the outset it was very slow work, but, the breeze freshening a little as the day wore on, the contest subsequently afforded a very interesting light-weather trial. The trio kept close company until *Nyria*, standing in too close to the shore near Old Castle Point, took the ground. *Brynhild*, which had been astern, then slowly drew up to the *Fife* cutter, and, taking the lead, won an exciting race by less than a minute. The success of *Brynhild* was very popular, for it was her first victory of the season, and Sir James Pender was the recipient of many congratulations. In the handicap for schooners over 100 tons, the starters were *Meteor*, *Susanne*, *Clara* and *Adela*, and they presented an imposing spectacle as they came to the line under a cloud of canvas. The Kaiser's fine vessel, which was placed at scratch, was not very well suited by the weather conditions, and was beaten by *Susanne* and *Adela*, which took the prizes in the order named. The ever-green little *Creole*, now in her seventeenth year, won the handicap match without the aid of her time allowance, and *Ma'oon*a was victorious in the 15-mètre class, after a splendid race with *Britomart* and *Shimna*.

The weather conditions when the Squadron Regatta commenced were a complete contrast to those of the previous day, as there was sufficient weight in the wind to severely try both spars and gear. The *pièce de résistance* was the match for the King's Cup, which was open to all yachts attached to the Squadron, irrespective of tonnage. With the hard south-westerly breeze giving a run and a reach over the greater part of the course, it was an ideal day for schooners, and the cutter *Brynhild* at scratch had no chance with *Meteor* and *Cetonia*. *Cariad* set a small jackyarder over her whole mainsail and *Cetonia* a jib-headed topsail, but the others were content to rely upon lower canvas. In the short beat to the first mark *Brynhild* sailed like a witch and led *Meteor* by 5 min.; but with sheets checked for the run the big schooner soon went to the front. In the last out *Cetonia* burst the luff-rope of her jib, a mishap which probably cost her the race. With spinnakers set, the yachts travelled at great speed, and *Meteor*

took the lead just before reaching the Bullock Patch Buoy. They came home close-hauled in a lumpy sea, and *Cetonia*, owing to a deck-light having been inadvertently left open, shipped a quantity

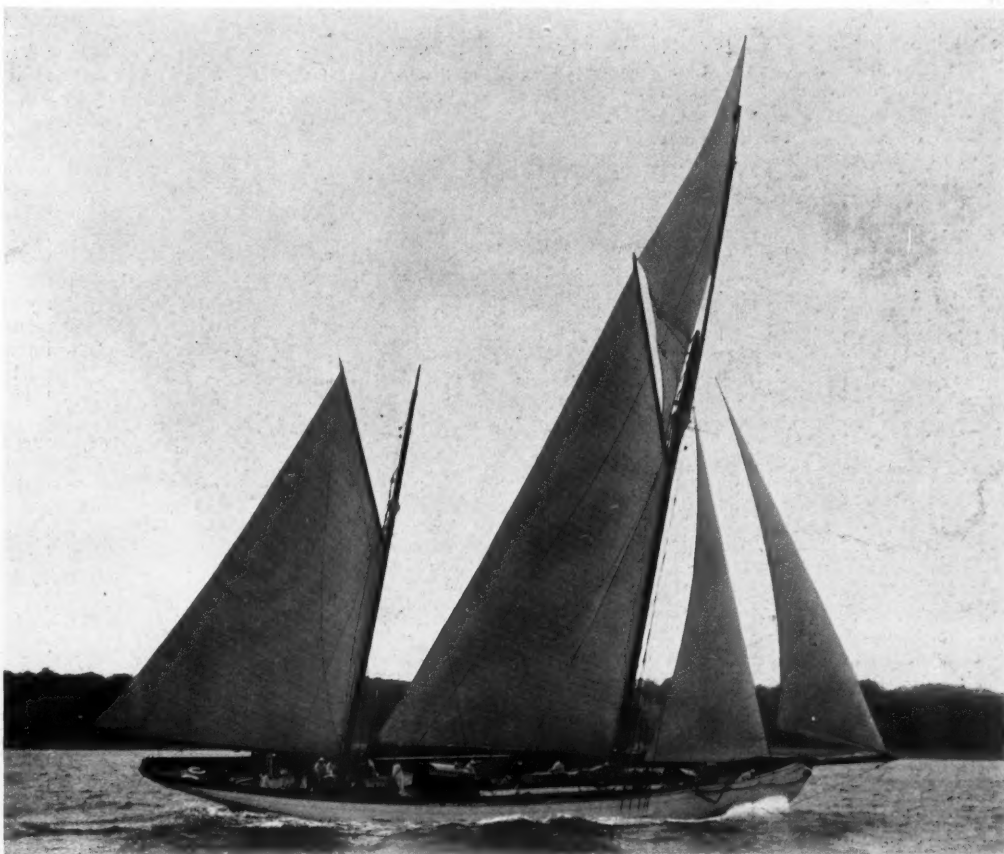


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MA'OONA.

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of water, which flooded the cabins. Coming in from the Bullock Patch *Meteor* settled away from her opponents very fast, but only just saved her time on *Cetonia*, which had sailed a great boat throughout. *Cariad* met with quite a chapter of accidents, as



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CARIAD.

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she first lost her topmast and then broke her spinnaker boom, one of Lord Dunraven's guests, unfortunately, being injured by the wreckage. The boats were all hard driven, and the

forty-seven-mile course was covered in the fast time of 4hr. 20min. The cup won by Meteor was the fourth Royal trophy that the Kaiser has secured at Cowes, and His Imperial Majesty must be particularly gratified at the success of his schooner, as she is this season being sailed for the first time by a German captain and crew. The 15-mètre boats again sailed a very keen match, and Britomart, after being badly placed early in the race, worked her way to the front and won by 1min. from Shimna.

The following day the principal event was the race for the Kaiser's Cup, which was sailed over the old Queen's course in a strong westerly breeze. The match attracted a large entry, which comprised the following well-known vessels: Cetonia, Susanne, Clara, Adela, Carina, Creole, Camellia, L'Esperance, Cariad and Rozel. There was some doubt as to whether Adela and Clara were eligible, as they had previously competed in a class match, and the owners were told that they would race at their own risk. Adela in consequence remained at her moorings, but Clara sailed round the course and almost saved her time for a prize. She was not, however, given a gun at the finish, as her entry was considered informal by the



F. W. Beken.

YTHENE.

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committee. Cariad had repaired the damage sustained the previous day, and with 48min. start had an easy task before her. Lord Dunraven's ketch sported a small topsail, but the others started with theirs in stops. The yachts presented a pretty sight as they bore up for the line at the start. Susanne was

first away, and led the fleet throughout the race, but with so much running and reaching could not concede the time to Cariad, Carina and Creole, which took the prizes in the order named. The race cannot be said to have been a particularly interesting one, as the stipulation that the competitors should not have previously started in a class match, this season or last, debarred several of the finest yachts afloat from racing. The craft engaged, moreover, were of widely divergent type and size, and, stretching out into Indian file soon after the start, the match resolved itself more or less into a procession. From a sporting point of view a far better contest was that of the 15-mètre boats for the Countess of Dudley's Challenge Cup. Although only Britomart, Shimna and Ma'oonia competed, the yachts are so well matched and keenly sailed, that from start to finish the race was full of interest. Shimna and Ma'oonia in particular had a rare set-to; but while they were engaged in jockeying one another Britomart slipped away and repeated her victory of last year. The handicap for yachts under 50 tons, for which seven started, was won by Viera, after a capital race with Maymon.

The principal event on the 8th inst. was the race for the Cowes Town Prizes, the entry for which included Meteor, Susanne, Cariad, Clara, Merry-maid and Brynhild. A great disappointment was, however, in store for the residents who had provided the prizes, as, owing to the death of General Sartorius, the three largest yachts—Meteor, Brynhild and Susanne—did not hoist their fighting flags. The race was thus confined to Clara, Merry-maid and Cariad, the first mentioned being at scratch. For the first time during the week the weather was not all that could be desired, as it was dull and gloomy. To add to the discomfort of those afloat half a gale of wind was raising a choppy sea in the Roads, which caused many of the visitors to hasten ashore. The racing craft were



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WHITE HEATHER II.

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all snugged down for a "dusting," and their expectations were not disappointed, for when they returned there was not a dry thread aboard of any of them. In the big yacht race Cariat was first across the line, but Merrymaid, nicely placed on her weather quarter, speedily took the lead. The cutter, however, could not shake off the attentions of the ketch, which was sailing in grand form. The scratch boat had made a poor start, and did not overhaul her rivals until returning from the East Lepe. Topsails were then set for the run, and the yachts came home very fast. Cariat, which passed Merrymaid during the run home, saved her time for first prize, the second going to Clara. The 15-mètre class again sailed a great race, Shimna and Ma'oonna proving themselves splendid hard-weather boats. All set double-reefed mainsails and storm jibs, but Ma'oonna, attempting to carry a small jib topsail when in Osborne Bay, lost her topmast. Despite this mishap, she finished second to Shimna, defeating Britomart for second prize by over 5 min. Four started in the handicap for yachts under 100 tons, the prizes going to L'Esperance and Betty in the order named. The match for the South Coast one-design class, for Lady Brassey's Cup, was sailed over a special course, on account of the heavy weather, and resulted in favour of L'Amoureuse.

A capital programme had been arranged for the concluding day, but when racing commenced the weather was miserable. The yachts were soon lost to view in the mizzling rain, and a slashing sailing breeze was the only redeeming feature. These wretched meteorological conditions were particularly unfortunate, as the day had been set aside for the Cowes Town Regatta, an annual function dear to the hearts of the Islanders; but, fortunately, matters improved as the day wore on. The first event was a race for the 23-mètre class, in which White Heather, Brynhild and Nyria started at 10 a.m. to sail round the Queen's course. All carried jib-headed topsails over single reefed mainsails, as a heavy sea would be encountered when once clear of the

land. White Heather, cleverly handled by Bævis, was first across the line in the coveted weather berth, and led her opponents to the Warner. Here the match came to an abrupt termination owing to an unfortunate fatality, one of the crew of Brynhild being lost overboard and drowned. The cutter at once put about and lowered a boat, but the hapless man, James Sillick of Exmouth, was not seen again. The race was immediately abandoned, and the yachts returned to Cowes with flags flying at half-mast. Brynhild seems to be a singularly unfortunate yacht, for, it will be remembered, she had previously lost a hand at the commencement of the season in the Thames.

The schooner race for Lord Iveagh's Cup brought out Meteor, Cetonia, Clara and Adela, which came to the line with jib headers aloft. With almost a "soldier's" wind, the conditions were ideal for schooner racing, and laying down to their work with covering boards awash, the big "two-stickers" showed to great advantage. The huge American-built Meteor led the fleet home, but failing to concede the allotted time to the limit boat Adela, the latter was the winner of Lord Iveagh's handsome trophy. The 15-mètre class was augmented by the inclusion of Maymon and the old Payne-designed Gauntlet, but Ma'oonna, having lost her topmast the previous day, was an absentee. Although Gauntlet was built as far back as 1901 and has long been considered out-classed, she is so cleverly sailed by her owner, Mr. J. R. Payne, that she must always be reckoned with. The yachts were sent round the short Queen's course, and although victory ultimately rested with Britomart, the honours of the day must be accorded to Gauntlet, for it was no mean performance to finish in front of such vessels as Shimna and Maymon. The remaining item on the programme was a match for the South Coast one-design class, which fell to Eilun, the regatta being wound up in the evening with the customary firework display.

FRANCIS B. COOKE.

THE CURÉ OF BELLE-ILE.

IT came upon us almost before we were aware. Hardly had the captain had time to give a few sharp orders before the storm broke. All in an instant the soft breeze became a tempest, the sea a stretch of angry, rushing foam. Defiantly the waves leaped upwards and the clouds burst into a passionate storm of rain and hail. With a terrific crash the mast, straining under the pressure of the sails, set a moment before to catch the faint breeze, snapped, and in its fall swept me overboard. There was a thundering sound of surf in my ears, and I remembered nothing more until I awoke in a tiny fisherman's cottage, surrounded by a crowd of whispering, sympathetic men, the sole survivor of our little crew. Monsieur le curé stood near the bed, a spoon in his hand. As soon as he saw my eyes were open, he hushed with a gesture the whispering crowd.

"Monsieur feels himself a little better?" he asked in broken English.

"I—I'm—rather—dazed—" I began. I tried to struggle up in bed, but a strange feeling came upon me. I heard the curé say, as in a dream, "The sea is in his brain," and then I was battling once more with the waves, fighting fiercely for my life, fighting for breath, with that salt taste in my mouth and strange, dead sound in my ears. Through it all I was ever conscious of the curé's tender, sympathetic eyes, of his cool, firm hand, until he gradually drew me out of the Valley of Death and thus saved my life a second time. Down in the little sunshiny village I heard the details of his first rescue: how when no fisherman could be found to venture he had taken the rope and brought me safely in.

"It is ever thus," concluded the old man who told me. "Monsieur le curé has saved more lives than he could count upon his fingers. He is, indeed, the father of all who sail upon the waters. This is a dangerous coast, and he has in his cottage up on yonder cliffs strange instruments that foretell the weather and glasses that can almost pierce the heavens themselves. Although he lives away up there, at the sound of the gun he is down upon the beach as soon as the lifeboatmen. There is not another lifeboat nor curé along the coast like ours!"

"And when they are brought in like you, Monsieur, it is always Monsieur le curé himself who nurses them back to life— But, you look weary, you are yet too weak to talk—" And indeed I was.

A few days longer I lingered in the village, until one hot sunny morning the curé came down the mountain to bid me farewell. Hardly could I bring myself to part with him, he had so entwined himself into my affections. In these few weeks I had grown to love, almost to worship him, as did the simple fishermen. I drew him out upon the beach to the edge of those sparkling waters which had gone nigh to cost me so dear. I could not speak, and the curé himself was silent. He stood in his usual attitude, with bent head and eyes fixed upon the ground.

Hardly a man of action, I should have thought, had I not known what he could do. With an effort, I turned to do the impossible.

"I can hardly—" I began, but with a gesture he stopped me.

He raised his head and looked at me. There was a fierce light of determination burning in his eyes. "Monsieur, you have too high an opinion of me," he said. "You know not what man I am."

"I know what you have done for me," I said, "and I know what you are to all those people yonder," and I waved my hand in the direction of the village.

His face softened for an instant, but grew stern again. "Nevertheless, I am not the man you think me," he said. He paused for a moment, and then he added, "Monsieur, will you that I shall tell you a story, the story of a life that has for a moment touched your own?" and as I drew nearer he went on.

"Years ago there was a young man—who loved a young girl so much that he could hardly bear to speak of it even when he was old—but this girl—she went off with another. Many long years he waited, until at last one day—as he had feared—she came back across the sea—a white rose thrown away by a careless hand. A few months she lingered, dreaming of a possible return, pondering painfully where her fault had been. Is it not strange," he said, fiercely, "how a woman, deaf to all but one voice, absorbed by love for what she should most hate, can remain untouched by another's burning pain?" He paused an instant, and then went on again more quietly. "Afterwards this young man in his loneliness and despair took vows, became a priest and came—here."

Again he paused, his face was deathly pale, great drops of moisture stood on his brow. He came a few steps nearer, laid his hand on my arm, and spoke in a hoarse whisper close to my ear. "One night there was a terrible storm—never has there been one like it since—and there was a wreck on yonder rocks. We could do nothing. All night we were out upon the beach. We launched the lifeboat several times, but even, she could not live in such a sea. At last, about dawn, the sea grew a little quieter. We got the lifeboat out, and from it I saw with my glasses there was still a man left on the wreck. We waited hours; we dared not go near, but when daylight came I made up my mind to make an attempt. Three times, Monsieur, I went out, and three times I was drawn in again, more dead than alive. Again I waited, but still I could not rest until the man was saved. So once more I prepared to go out, and this time the men would not let me go until I had sworn it should be my last attempt. It was strange," he went on, with an effort, "what wonderful strength I seemed to possess. You would not think I had much physique, and yet I have fought several such battles and won, and in the end I reached the wreck. When I got there, Monsieur, I found it was—he—who had stolen my love

from me. That I could have forgiven, but the rest never—so—

"Yes?" I asked, a sickening suspense at my heart. "Yes? You did not—no, you could not have— Tell me!" I cried.

"When we looked into each other's eyes," whispered the curé, "he knew. He did not ask for mercy—and I—left him—there—alone. I will not speak," he said, brokenly, "of the number of times I have repaid that one life. It has been the one thought of my life ever since. You have seen how these people love me," he faltered, "now you know me as I am." Without another word he turned and left me.

I watched him, watched him with all my eyes, as he passed along the harbour wall, until he disappeared. Presently he came out again upon the rocks, and still I watched him mounting up and up, until the path, running up the mountain-side like a white ribbon, lost itself in endless blue.

JANE HARDY.

A BOOK OF THE WEEK.

THOSE who like to study and analyse "the modern way" will be well advised to obtain Mr. Gerard Bendall's novel, *Mrs. Jones's Bonnet* (Heinemann). At a first glance, or even at a first reading, the book may seem of no great importance. It is written in a light, almost casual, style, and it touches upon great questions in the easiest possible manner. Neither passion nor event makes the author write with any great strain. His attitude, indeed, is that of one of his own characters, of whom it is said:

The passionate excesses of youth, the sensuous longing of middle age, were unknown to him. He regarded average sensual men with a kind of pity and contempt—pigs in the sty of Epicurus. But, as is not unusual with really ascetic natures, he placed no exaggerated importance upon the sins of the flesh. Had any brother cleric demanded his opinion upon the irregular amours of a curate, his condemnation, of course, would have been immediate and severe. But as the question was not put, and as any pronouncement was unnecessary, he was disposed to condone the offence, and pass, as it were, the sponge of oblivion over the distressing interlude.

As will be inferred from this passage, there are scenes in the book which, under less deft and skilful manipulation, might have been extremely offensive. But it ought to be said at once that the writer is evidently a man of the most wholesome mind, and there is nothing approaching the prurient or the evilly suggestive in a single passage of the book. The attitude towards vice and virtue, like everything else, is emphatically that of to-day. We find ourselves at the opening in a provincial town; time—yesterday or the day before, since the characters discuss a recent educational legislation. Roughly speaking, the society of the place may be divided into two portions—that of the Church of England and that of the Nonconformists. In the former we have good breeding, philosophy, love of letters and general superiority; in the latter, energy, enthusiasm and undisciplined zeal. Nobody is particularly good, and nobody is entitled to be called the villain of the piece. The rector, whose attitude towards life has been hinted at in our quotation, comes out better than anyone else. He is a scholarly, learned and, in every sense, wise man, who, at the beginning, is just a little bit annoyed at the triumphs that are being won by the Rev. Colchester Jones, whose very name is suggestive of Nonconformity. In his difficulty a young man presents himself as a candidate for his curacy. This young man is interesting chiefly as a type that our Universities are turning out daily, and that is being shaped by the social and other forces of the time. He has "the lithe and sinewy frame of an athlete, his head is small and well shaped, while brown curls lie closely round a retreating forehead." He is frank and candid to a degree, and, when asked why he had taken orders:

"I should have liked the Army," was the instant reply, "but my people would not hear of that. Probably I have not brains enough for the Bar. I had to choose something. I chose the Church."

His qualifications for the post are set forth as follows:

"I do not pretend to be a theologian," he said, "nor to be gifted with any special eloquence, but it seems to me there are portions of a clergyman's duty as effectual as preaching and as useful as controversy. I know how to influence young men; to form clubs; to impart healthy tastes, which wean them from the tavern and the gin-shop. I can visit and influence social life. I can train a choir; and the women—" he added, with a smile that showed his teeth, "I will answer for the women."

The old-fashioned rector is surprised at this new style of curate, but makes the experiment of trying him, and the Rev. Charles Trevor is a success as far as can be judged from any outward signs. Most skilfully does the author depict him as a social personage, a great man with the boys in their cricketing and boxing clubs, a favourite with women and, generally speaking, a great social attraction. Instead of waging war with the Rev. Colchester Jones he falls in love with his wife, and the witty title of the book arises from the fact that Mrs. Jones's bonnet is found in the curate's sitting-room by the rector himself. How he takes the discovery has been already described. Mr. Colchester Jones himself eventually finds out that he has been betrayed by his

wife; but indignation is impossible on his part because of his consciousness that he himself has repeatedly fallen in the same way and that she has quietly condoned his offence. There is, however, a rich man who—to use a slang word—"runs" the Nonconformist place of worship, and he, too, is tarred with the same brush as Mr. Colchester Jones and his wife, a fact that does not clash with his character for religious zeal. He and the minister have a passage at arms in which he exemplifies the truth of the saying of a German philosopher that "against stupidity the gods themselves fight in vain." The consequence is that Mr. Colchester Jones finds the only way out of his difficulties to lie in a passage to America, whither he departs, deserting alike his faithless wife and his unreasonable patron. Then the interest centres in the Rev. Charles Trevor, who is describable in a Tennysonian line—"The priest above his book, leering at his neighbour's wife." He has a shallow sense of honour that renders it impossible for him to desert the lady, and yet she is now only an embarrassment to him. It is hinted in no very doubtful terms that Mr. Russell Wilmot has the same inclination as Mr. Charles Trevor, but an artist appears on the scene in the person of Nicholas Philbin, who carries off the lady, to the chagrin of the millionaire and the relief of the curate. Mrs. Jones herself may perhaps best be described as the woman of the piece. When Nicholas Philbin proposes that they should take steps to obtain a divorce from Mr. Colchester Jones and that she should marry him, she says:

"You ought not to ask me to decide now. You must not make me promise anything." Then, pursing up her mouth into the most delicious pout possible, she pressed it against his lips. There are many different ways of kissing, and various women seem to have the power of imparting to their caresses a personal and peculiar charm. The mystery of the thrill of Mrs. Jones's kiss was a secret known only to her gentle heart.

So without the suspicion of tragedy the difficulties are solved and the world passes on its wonted way, leaving in the reader's mind a sort of admiring contempt alike for Mrs. Jones, the Rev. Charles Trevor and Mr. Russell Wilmot, while much as we like the artist, we know that tragedy in his case will be avoided by his power to create and live in an illusion. We can fancy him to the end of his life believing his wife to be the most virtuous as she is the most beautiful of her kind, and paying her all the attention and yielding her all the respect of a most devoted husband, happy the while himself in the spectacle of her happiness.

THE MOLE.

MANY writers have attempted to give an account of the habits and uses of the mole in Nature's economy, but I have never yet had the pleasure of reading any book in which the descriptions of this animal and its habits accord with the facts as brought under my own observation day by day. Buffon, the French naturalist, and Goldsmith are quite at sea in their description of this little animal, as is natural, since their information could only be scanty, if we consider the retiring and stealthy habits of the mole. I will try to give you as clear a description as I can from observation I have been enabled to make during many years. The British mole (*Talpa*) is found all over Britain, but not in Ireland. It has a beautiful silky black fur. The length of body is about 5 in., with very short legs, the front ones being peculiarly shaped, resembling, at first sight, the human hand. The ears and eyes are imperceptible, unless on very close observation. In fact, the eye is so tiny that it can only be seen as a very small black dot, but, under a powerful magnifying-glass, it is seen to be a perfectly-formed organ, much resembling the eye of a horse. The snout is long, and is like that of a pig, the mouth being furnished with sharp teeth, like a dog's. The tail is short and stumpy, about 1 in. in length. Its food consists of earthworms and the larvae of insects. It is an incessant worker, being engaged in digging and burrowing for its food many hours during the day and night. When moles become numerous, they are very destructive to crops and gardens, and their destruction becomes necessary. The ground they mostly frequent is fine, light, loamy soil, or mossy land in a good state of cultivation.

When I learned first to trap moles in the neighbourhood of Edinburgh they were very numerous, our capture with five dozen traps being seldom under 200 head per week. At that time there was no demand for their skins, and with the exception of an occasional order from a furrier, all the skins were simply thrown away with the bodies. During the last twenty-five years I have made many attempts in various directions to popularise the fur of the mole, but it was not until the winter of 1900 that it became a favourite with the upper classes. His Majesty the King got some article of attire made of their skins, and then there arose quite a brisk demand; indeed, one that it was not possible, in one or two seasons, to supply. I found it a paying business to trap incessantly the whole year round; indeed, furriers demanded the skins when they were not at all in proper condition. This demand went on for two or three years, when it ceased almost as suddenly as it had begun. I still receive orders from individuals for skins for small fancy articles, and there is a market for them, though only during the winter months when the fur is at its best.

It is most interesting to study how the mole makes its nest. Not liking the light, and being fitted by Nature to live in darkness, it burrows under a patch of withered grass, which it covers with soil. It then proceeds to draw in the dead grass, and forms a beautiful round nest. As this nest would get wet during rain, more earth is heaped over it until it becomes waterproof, no matter how much rain may fall. This forms what mole-catchers call a "castle," serving as a place of resort for the

animal during its periods of inactivity. The approaches to the nest, while the young are within it, are from all sides, branching out in every direction, so that in the event of an attack by an enemy escape is easy. Sometimes we happen on a nest by chance, but this is by no means as common a thing as might be supposed, as considerable cunning or, more correctly speaking, instinct is displayed in its construction. I have often got the mother mole in a trap when it was evident the young were not far off, but all attempts to find them were futile. The mole has its young during May; the number varies with the locality, but five, and sometimes six, are found where food is plentiful. On moorland two or three are the general rule. The young mole does not quit the nest until nearly full grown, when it appears to the observer that the mother leaves her offspring and goes into some distant part of the workings, and the young ones come to the surface in search of food for a short time. When they are sufficiently strong to maintain themselves they get underground, and by the end of July it is only after close observation that they can be distinguished from the old ones. Very fine coloured moles are found in some localities, and, strange to say, specimens of the same colour in the same places ten or fifteen years after. The natural enemies of the mole are few. We find the weasel sometimes pursuing it, but not often successful in catching it, as the mole buries itself at once when it finds an enemy in pursuit. Perhaps some readers may have noticed that very few dogs will

kill a mole; in fact, a dog will seldom put mouth on it. Field-mice will eat the flesh of the mole when pressed by hunger during a hard frost in winter, and the weasel will do so when he finds a mole in a trap. I once saw a fierce fight between a small mouse-weasel and a mole. The fight lasted for several minutes, and would have ended in favour of the weasel, but having become alarmed at my presence it made off to the nearest shelter, uttering defiant chirps and ready to resume hostilities on my disappearance. No animal offers so little resistance, or is so easily captured by its enemies, as the mole. It will not bite when lifted off the ground by the hand, unless when in pain, or from extreme alarm when suddenly pounced upon.

The question is often asked, "How does the mole subsist during a period of severe frost? Does it hibernate, or is it active?" The answer is that it is active, but burrows down deeper into the ground, or into earthy banks near a stream. Like the squirrel and some other animals, the mole lays up a store of food during the autumn months. A curious and interesting feature in relation to this storage is that the mole does not kill the worms it collects, but stupefies them in such a manner that they do not attempt to escape. Some time ago I came upon an unusually large store of worms, of not less than 1lb. weight, nicely rolled up inside a nest in a "castle." All showed signs of life, and had evidently been there for some considerable time.

J. MARTINDALE.

KERRIES AT LACKHAM.



THE MIDDAY REST.

It is always interesting to illustrate such a beautiful herd of pure-bred Kerries as we show to-day. The old breed possesses far more claims to popularity than would appear from the comparatively small number that one sees in the country and at shows. It seems to have flourished among the Kerry mountains as far back as history goes, and is identified by some writers with the original cattle of the country which it resembles in type. It is only in comparatively recent times, however, that it has received the attention given to first-rate pedigree stock. In 1879 the County Kerry Agricultural Society endeavoured to commence a Herd

Book on their own account, but difficulties arose, and the project was never carried out. Yet before that attention had been directed to the merits of the breed. In the year 1872 the

late Mr. R. Oliphant Pringle wrote, "The Kerry is, properly speaking, the only existing native breed of cattle in Ireland." He then goes on to note the difference between Kerries and Dexters. It is very interesting to note the measurements he gives of a Royal Dublin Society's prize fat Kerry cow. Her height at shoulder was 38in.; her girth 72in.; shoulder top to tail head, 42in. Kerry cattle were shown for the first time at the cattle shows of the Royal Dublin Society in 1844,



MOLLIG DHUBH.



BALTIMORE.



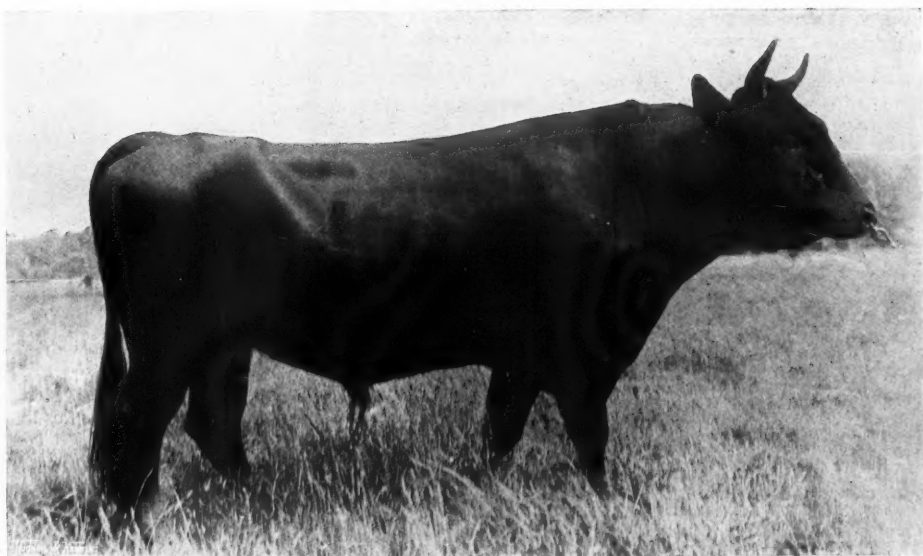
QUEEN.



KATHLEEN

but a long time passed before they were generally recognised as a separate class in the leading agricultural shows. Early in the year 1887 the Royal Dublin Society established a Herd Book, and so put the affairs of the breed on a firm basis. Before that, in 1878, they had come into notice at the Paris Exhibition, and perhaps that was the principal ground of their later popularity. The breed grew largely in favour and in fashion, the celebrated herds being in possession of the Duchess of Devonshire, the Marchioness of Lansdowne, the Duchess of Newcastle and the holders of other names equally distinguished. The English Kerry and Dexter book was founded in 1882 and the society incorporated in 1899. The first issue was published in 1900. The King is patron and a life member of the society. While he was Prince of Wales he used to have a number of exceptionally fine Kerry cattle at Sandringham. The standard description of the Kerry as it is to-day is: The cow should be long, level and deep, her colour black, her head long and fine, her horns fine at base, mottled or white tipped with black, upright and cocked, her eye soft and prominent, her bone fine, her coat in summer like satin, in winter long and thick, her udder should be soft and large, but not fleshy, protruding well under the belly, the teats being placed square and well apart, the milk veins prominent and large, the tail should be well put on and have at the end long, fine black hair. The Kerry cow should not weigh over 300lb. live weight when in breeding condition. The bull should be whole black, without a white hair, should have a long head, wide between the eyes, of masculine character, throat clear, horns medium length, mottled or white, with black tips, turning backwards, withers fine, back straight from withers to setting-on of tail, which should be long and fine, tipped with black hairs. The Kerry bull should not weigh over 1,000lb. live weight when in breeding condition. In describing its habits and qualities it is stated to be eminently suitable for all classes and all soils, an excellent milker, a ready fatterer, small feeder and capable of thriving under adverse circumstances. The Lackham Estate, comprising some 2,000 acres, has been in the hands of the present owner, Mr. George Llewellyn Palmer (who purchased it from Sir George Errington), for some fifteen years. Lackham is mentioned as a manor in Domesday Book. It afterwards belonged to the Baynards, who entertained Henry VIII. in the old house which was pulled down late in the

eighteenth century, when the present house was built by the Montagues, who then owned it. It afterwards changed hands several times before the present owner bought it. The herd was started in 1900 with animals purchased from Viscount de Vesci, Abbeyleix, Ireland; the Marquess of Lansdowne, Bowood; Messrs. R. Tait Robertson, Malahide, Dublin; and R. Barter, Cork, and has from time to time been added to by stock bred by the Earl of Clonmell; Messrs. R. H. C. Harrison, Shiplake Court, Oxon; D. M. Rattray, Ballybunion, County Kerry; C. Brinsley Marlay, Mullingar; T. Waits, Redhill, Surrey, and other well-known breeders. Undoubtedly the pick of the herd is Mollig Dhubh, in the opinion of many a typical specimen of a Kerry cow. Quoting from a description given in the English Kerry and Dexter Herd Book, the Kerry is essentially "a small light, neat, active animal, showing great quality and in many respects leaning to the type of the Jersey." All the above points are well defined in this cow, and in addition a fine head, perfect horns and a splendid skin go towards making about as good an example as one can find. This cow has been shown five times, and has taken the following prizes: First, Dairy Show, 1904 and 1905; first, Royal Counties, 1907; third, Bath and West, 1907; second, Royal, 1907; second, milking test, Dairy Show, 1905; and third, milking test, Royal, 1907. The heifer Lackham Rose was bred by the owner, and was born March 20th, 1905. Here again is an excellent type of Kerry. Standing rather higher on the legs, perhaps, than she should do, she has all the other attributes which are necessary in the breed, as has been proved by her successes at the various shows



LACKHAM COUNT.

this year. She has been exhibited three times, and has taken first, Royal Counties; first, Bath and West; and third, Royal.

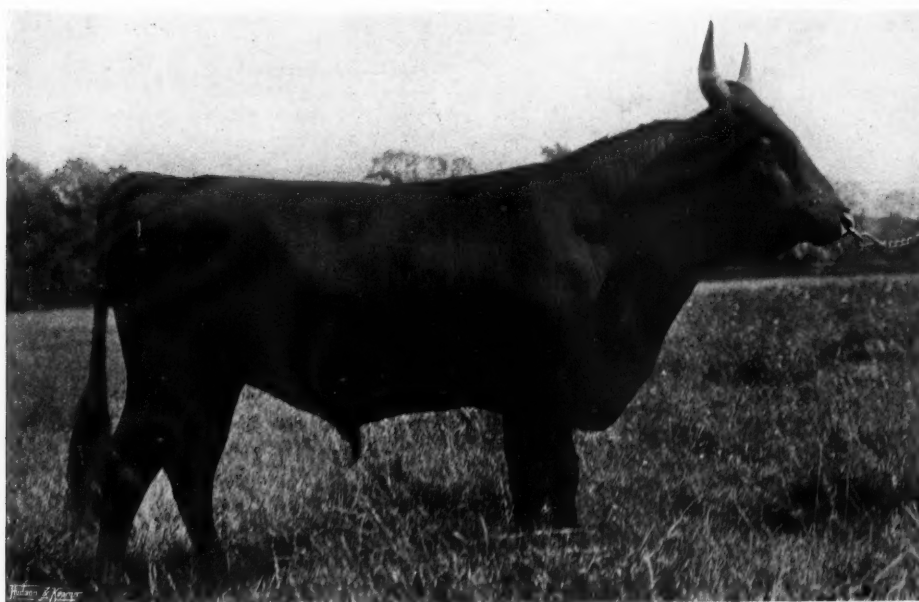


LACKHAM ROSE.

Kathleen, the oldest cow of the herd, was calved in 1892, but is still a most profitable cow, giving, when in full milk, about 40lb. a day. She is the dam of Lackham Noble, of which mention will be made later. Queen, another good example of a Kerry, has bred some excellent stock, and is the favourite of the herd. Both these cows are old prize-winners, Kathleen winning the Blythwood Cup at Dublin in 1899 and Queen in 1901. Coming to the bulls, photographs are given of two fine examples of what a male Kerry

should be—good heads and horns, fine skins and level backs. Lackham Count was purchased from Mr. D. M. Rattray and has been shown four times, taking first and championship cup at the Bath and West, third at the Royal and reserves at Oxford and Portsmouth in 1906. Lackham Noble was bred by his owner, is eighteen months old and, as before stated, is the son of Kathleen, herself a noble prize-winner. This bull has been shown twice, and received first and championship cup at the Bath and West this year and second at the Royal Counties. The De Bertodano cup has now been won two years in succession, and every endeavour will no doubt be made to produce an animal worthy of the honour next year, when, if again carried off, it will become the absolute property of Mr. Palmer.

As a milking cow the Kerry is the most suitable that exists for small families. It does not give a large quantity as compared with the short-horn, but it does yield freely in proportion to its size. A milking record is kept of this herd at Lackham, and the yield of five cows will give the reader a fair indication of the productiveness of the breed. It will be seen that the daily average is from 1 1-8gal. to



LACKHAM NOBLE.

2½ gal. of milk. The best cow was 312 days in milk, and the worst only 106 days; but this one ought scarcely to have been included, as she was kept dry in order to be made right for the shows. Queen milked 312 days, gave 7,418 lb. milk; average daily supply about 2½ gal. The corresponding figures for Clonbrock were 249 days, 5,403 lb., average about 2 1-5 gal.; Lackham Fern, 286 days, 5,756 lb., average about 2 1-8 gal.; Prude, 297 days, 3,073 lb., average about 1 1-3 gal.; Mollig Dhubh, 106 days, 2,228 lb., average about 2 1-10 gal.

SOME EAST ANGLIAN HARVEST SONGS.

RATHER more than a century has gone by since Robert Bloomfield, Suffolk's peasant poet, wrote "The Horkey," and during that time harvest suppers, or "horkeys," have quite gone out of fashion. Here and there the "harvest home" custom is occasionally revived, generally by sentimentalists of the kind responsible for the revival of dancing round the maypole; but the farm hands of to-day are rarely able to enter into the spirit of the festival, and would rather celebrate it in their own way at the village inn than with songs accompanied by the farmer's daughter at the piano. In the days when horkeys were held yearly on nearly every large farm, it was usual for many of the labourers to live at the farmhouse, and at harvest-time the farmer himself would work with them in the fields; so that master and man were generally on good terms with each other, while the farmer's wife and daughters kept them both well supplied with harvest cake and home-brewed ale. Both employer and employed looked forward to the harvest supper as a fitting celebration of the conclusion of the most important work of the year, and when the evening arrived, and there was no more work to be done in the fields for a while, save by the gleaners, everyone was in the mood for conviviality and jollity. The hungriest of harvestmen was allowed to satisfy himself before the long table in the low-ceiled kitchen was cleared of the remains of the feast, and until late at night, or early next morning, mugs were frequently refilled with "home-brewed," while fiddle and song contributed to the liveliness of the festival. Bloomfield, in his "Farmer's Boy," relates how at this time

Distinction low's its crest,
The master, servant, and the merry guest,
Are equal all; and round the happy ring
The reaper's eyes exulting glances fling,
And warmed with gratitude, he quits his place,
With sunburnt hands and ale-enliven'd face,
Refills the jug his honour'd host to tend,
To serve at once the master and the friend.

In his account of a Suffolk horkey Bloomfield tells us how

John sung "Old Benbow" loud and strong,
And I, "The Constant Swain,"
"Cheer up, my Lads," was Simon's song,
"We'll conquer them again";

but he omits to mention that on such occasions it was the custom to sing genuine harvest songs, some of which were of ancient origin, and had been sung by generation after generation of rustics. In all probability, not a few of these songs are now quite lost to us, for it is only of late years that students of folklore have taken steps to preserve such old provincial ballads; but the words of a good many of them have been taken down from the lips of old labourers, and in some cases the ancient tunes to which they were sung have also been preserved. Only a few of these tunes are melodious, the majority of them being the dirge-like chants beloved by ancient dwellers in Arcady.

Naturally enough, a harvest festival was rarely concluded without someone having sung "John Barleycorn," for the East Anglian rustic, like every other, has a great liking for drinking songs, provided they have the fitting accompaniment of a glass or mug of ale; but such songs are not reserved for harvest festivities. In both Norfolk and Suffolk it was the custom, as soon as the supper was over, for the "lord" or headman of the harvest to propose the health of the farmer and his family. Sometimes this was a rather lengthy proceeding, for not infrequently an ale-mug was filled and drained by every man as an accompaniment to each verse of the harvest health song, one verse of which ran:

Here's health to our master, the lord of the feast,
God bless his endeavours, and give him increase;
And send him good crops, that we may meet another year,
Here's our master's good health, boys, come drink *half* your beer;
God send him good crops, that we may meet another year,
Here's our master's good health, boys, come drink *off* your beer.

The healths of the "missis" (mistress), the "young master," or "young masters" and the "young misses" were drunk in a like fashion, each having his or her especial verse, and by the time that the last member of the family had been complimented the company was usually well warmed up for fast and furious fun. It was customary for the men to stand during the singing

of the health song; but there was good excuse for those who were found in or under their chairs at the finish.

Most of the men were "one-song" men; it was rarely that one of them could remember the words of more than a single song, though, to make up for this, many of them knew songs extending to twenty or more verses, with each of which a monotonous chorus, often with no apparent relation to the subject, was gravely rendered, never a word of it being omitted. One such song was "The Old Grey Mare," of which there were numerous versions in consequence of the rustic's habit of introducing local place-names and topical references. In some localities this song had as many as twenty verses, of which the following are a fair sample:

Robin Cook's wife she had a grey mare,
Hum, hum, humpity hum.
If you had but have seen her, O lawk how you'd stare,
Singing falderal, diddle-dal, hie diddle dum.
She wanted to go to Fakenham (or some other) Fair,
Hum, hum, humpity hum;
Although she worn't fit to show herself there,
Singing falderal, diddle-dal, hie diddle dum.

This old mare she chanced for to die,
Hum, hum, humpity hum;
And dead as a nit in the roadway did lie,
Singing falderal, diddle-dal, hie diddle dum.
All the dogs in the town spoke for a bone,
Hum, hum, humpity hum;
All but the parson's dog, he stayed at home,
Singing falderal, diddle-dal, hie diddle dum.

The tune of this was a very old and popular one, and several other songs were sung to it.

The late Archdeacon Hindes Groome, an intimate friend of Edward FitzGerald, frequently heard sung by a labourer in the Suffolk parish of Monk Soham a sea song, in which were celebrated the deeds of a once-famous sea-rover and pirate who "flourished" during the early years of the seventeenth century; and in parishes bordering or near the coast, where the inhabitants were half farmfolk and half seafarers—some of them dividing their time between working on the land and taking part in the herring-fishing on the North Sea—sea songs, some of them as old as the days of Drake and the Suffolk buccaneer Cavendish, were as popular as any at the harvest homes. One of these was "The Bold Princess Royal," which has always been a favourite with the members of the old East Anglian beach companies; another was "Come all ye Merry Sailors." But the most ancient of the horkey songs was that old chant or medley known as the "Twelve O's," which consisted of a kind of intoned conversation between the singer and his audience, the usual rendering of it being in this fashion:

Singer: I'll sing the one O.
All: What is the one O?
Singer: When the one is left alone
No more it can be seen O.
All: When the one is left alone
No more it can be seen O.
Singer: I'll sing the two O.
All: What is the two O?
Singer: Two, two's the lily-white boys
That's clothed all in green O.
All: Two, two's the lily-white boys
That's clothed all in green O

And so the chant went on until the "Twelve O's" were reached, when, after enquiring "What is the twelve O?" the company concluded the peculiar medley by chanting:

I'll sing the twelve O.
What is the twelve O?
Twelve's the twelve Apostles O;
'Leven's the 'leven Evangelists,
Ten's the ten Commandments,
Nine's the gamble rangers,
Eight is the bright walkers,
Seven's the seven stars in the sky,
Six is the provokers,
Five's the thimble in the bowl,
Four's the Gospel makers,
Three, three's the rare O,
Two, two's the lily-white boys,
That's clothed all in green O,
And when the one is left alone,
No more it can be seen O.

Dr. Jessopp, who printed this song some years ago under the title of "A Chant of Arcady," suggested that it had its origin in the "Great O's of Advent"; but it has been asserted that the verses are a part of an old pagan hymn which has gathered up fragments of Christian doctrine. It is still familiar to most of the farm-hands and fishermen of East Anglia, and was sung quite recently as a musical accompaniment to a public dinner at Lowestoft.

Some of the old-time farm-hands could no more sing a song than they could read Sanskrit, and it was the custom for such unmusical men to have some little joke in readiness when they

were called upon to contribute to the harmony of the harvest festival. One of these jokes is quoted by Miss Lois Fison in her "Merry Suffolk." Called upon to sing, John, who was no singer, at last stood up, cleared his throat several times, and shouted:

Larn tew be wise!
Laarn tew be wise!
Laaarn tew be wise!

And then again—

Laaaarn tew be wise!

each time raising his voice to a higher pitch. At last the rest of the farm-hands would call out, "Lawk, John, wa' can't you gon we no more than that?" and John, after a pause, during which he gazed round upon the company, would remark, "You larn that fust," and would then sit down to the accompaniment of loud laughter and cheering.

W. A. DUTT.

A NESTING REEVE IN NORFOLK.

IT is eighteen years since the last reeve's nest was discovered in Norfolk; consequently excitement was intense when the keeper dropped suddenly into my cabin on the afternoon of June 13th, and announced the discovery of a reeve's nest containing four eggs near at hand. I soon gathered together my camera and accessories, stepped into the punt and in less than 10 min. was standing scarcely 8ft. from the sitting bird. At first she was invisible, so well did her plumage harmonise with the surroundings as, with head low down, she awaited the approach of the intruders. I sent the keeper back to the cabin for my hand camera, hoping to get a picture of her as she crouched. Meanwhile, there we remained, reeve and photographer, gazing at one another for a quarter of an hour, when suddenly the reeve relieved the tension by flying away. My mind had been filled with conflicting emotions. I was loth to disturb the bird's peace. Perhaps she would resent



Miss E. L. Turner.

REEVE SITTING.

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the camera and not return; then I should be filled with regret. Might I not remain satisfied with having seen what



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SNIPE RUNS ACROSS THE FOREGROUND.

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no Nature-lover of my generation had seen? Being human, however, the desire to do what no one else had done overpowered my scruples, and, when the bird flew away, I did not hesitate to erect some sort of shelter. That day, owing to intense eagerness on my part to commence operations, the preparations were scanty and, as regards my own comfort, insufficient. The ground was swampy, and the nest placed in a tuft of rushes just out of the water. On the north side a wide dyke separated this tiny island from the marshes, while scarcely 50yds. away there was a highway for sailing craft, whose noisy occupants often interfered with my work and delayed the return of this very shy sitter. I simply threw down an armful of rough litter, sufficient to keep my plate-box out of the water, and, having erected the camera, sat on the box, under two reed-thatched hurdles which met over my head, all gaps being filled in with some cut grass. A heavy thunder-storm broke over the marshes, and rain fell in torrents for an hour, during which the reeve was never far away, for I could hear her somewhat heavy splashing through the water all round me, as she examined every feature of my shelter, and once alighted upon it.

Having satisfied herself that no real danger lurked beneath the heap, she suddenly ran on to the nest, sipping raindrops as she came. I let her settle, and dropped the shutter. Even then she did not move; but as I was slowly but surely sinking deeper into the swamp it became necessary for me to shift my position. This startled her, and she was off in an instant. Alas! my plate was useless, for though the rain had not actually touched the lenses, they were slightly fogged by the general moisture of the atmosphere. I had to leave the neighbourhood for three days, during which I possessed my soul in tolerable patience; but before going away we threw down the hurdles and covered them with a heap of litter. We also exchanged the reeve's eggs with those of a redshank, so that throughout I had no compunction in keeping the reeve off the eggs for several hours, if necessary.

Returning on June 17th I tried again, this time lying down on an oilskin coat placed over thatched hurdles, which kept me well out of the swamp. I also wove an elaborate rush front for my camera, so that when all was covered with sedge and reeds there was nothing to alarm the bird. Still I had to wait from 1.30 till 4 p.m., and when the bird returned my eyes were blurred with long gazing through criss-cross strands of grass and my fingers rigid from want of use, so I failed to drop the shutter at the exact moment, and the bird flew away without settling on her nest. I returned to my cabin limp and depressed with my second failure. The next day I succeeded, the day being one of good omen, and secured the first picture of this series. On the 19th I was out at 6 a.m. and waited until eight o'clock. Just as the reeve returned, a snipe ran across the foreground when I dropped my

shutter. A moment later, both snipe and reeve stood side by side, erect, intent on the spot from which the sound proceeded. Had I waited the fraction of a second later, I should have secured a rare and doubly interesting picture, whereas the snipe now appears merely as a speckled heap in the foreground. Another attempt was made at 9.30, this time with a single lens. The reeve returned some minutes later, accompanied by a redshank. The latter bird sat on my rubbish heap whistling, calling and making little crooning noises, for whose benefit I do not know; but they evidently pleased the reeve, for she would look up at him from time to time and move her head from side to side, as if cheered by his neighbourliness, and finally settled down into the contented attitude shown in the last picture. I let this go on for some time, as it was pretty to watch. When at last I released the shutter, both birds flew off, the reeve uttering a curious guttural double note, something like a quack. Changing the plate, another two hours' wait followed with no result, though four redshanks and one snipe ran over me all together, calling loudly. Still my lady would not return. The creaking call-note of the snipe, heard at such close quarters, is very curious; it is almost possible to feel the vibrations of sound, as when some long-disused machinery is set in motion. My rubbish heap, whether containing me or not, was always a favourite preening-place for all the birds of the neighbourhood. This, though very interesting, made it doubly hard for me, as I dared scarcely breathe, much less stir to relieve an aching muscle. The next day for four long hours the reeve only ran about the marsh, and refused to approach the nest. She always seemed shy of the double lenses. However, on the 24th I secured the fourth and last picture of the bird actually running on to her nest, after which I left her alone, viewing her only from a distance occasionally. The eggs proved unfertile; all our scrupulous care of them was in vain, though they had been kept warm and watched almost night and day. The eggs were smaller than those of the redshank, more pointed, and more evenly marked all over with reddish brown spots. The ground colour of this particular clutch was light greyish green, one of the four being much lighter than the other three. The nest in no way differed from that of the redshank; the longer rushes were twisted together at the top, to form a kind of roof, but some of these had to be cut away before the bird could be photographed.

I saw no ruffs during the hours of waiting for the reeve, but on July 7th a ruff and reeve were seen in the vicinity of the nest, and later in the day two reeves. In the spring a few ruffs and reeves regularly return to their old haunts in Norfolk, and during the last two summers young birds have been seen, so that it is not improbable that these latter may have been home-bred birds.



Miss E. L. Turner.

A PICTURE OF CONTENT.

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It is to be hoped that the efforts which are being made to induce these interesting birds to return and breed in their old quarters will be crowned with success, and that the Nature-lover may once more have the pleasure of watching those dancing parties and harmless duels with which the somewhat irresponsible ruff delights to while away his time.

E. L. TURNER.

IN THE GARDEN.

SOME OLD GARDEN ROSES.

OLD-FASHIONED Roses are so full of the memories of Old England as it used to be that it seems a pity to lose sight of them altogether. In one respect—that of fragrance—some of them far surpass the newer ones which have supplanted them in our affections; for surely no Rose of to-day can rival the delicious perfume of the old Provence or Cabbage Rose. We suspect that the dried leaves of these sweet old Roses formed the staple of the *pot-pourri* beloved of our great-great-grandmothers; and if some of us have been disappointed in our attempts to follow their famous recipes, probably it is the fault neither of the recipe nor of the would-be maker, but that the secret was lost when the pink and white French Roses—badges of old of the Royal Houses of York and Lancaster—went out of fashion. The pink Cabbage Rose still lingers here and there, but hardly ever do we meet with the white Provence—the low bush, not over-robust, but tolerably well set, with creamy white flowers, often a little ragged and one-sided in their fullness, the delight of our childish hours, especially when we described a brilliant June beetle lying hid within the scented petals, and in those days, perhaps because of its delicacy, the pride of the manor no less than of the farmhouse or cottage garden. Such Roses as these fill a place well, and, grown as dwarf bushes, make a pleasant contrast to perennial plants in wide borders, where they will mostly be in flower before the Hybrid Perpetuals and Hybrid Teas come forward to detract from their modest old-world beauty. Several of these old Roses are worth growing if only for the sake of association. Besides the two Provence Roses already referred to, there is the true Maiden's Blush—Rose Céleste, with bluish foliage and pale pink flowers of most delicate scent; the favourite old pink Moss Rose, more elegant than any of its newer varieties, and its good white form, the little Rosa de Meaux—beloved beyond all others of the children—Rosa d'Amour, which has the credit of being the double form of the old Rosa lucida, though quite unlike it in most respects, but possessing the same attributes of bright, autumn-tinted foliage—and many another besides. Perhaps it is partly because this class of Rose has generally been left to grow at its own sweet will that it has gone out of favour. Most of them, nevertheless, are much better for being severely cut back in spring with the rest of their more popular kindred, for otherwise the bushes become poor and straggling and give but few flowers. Unfortunately, they are all

SUMMER FLOWERING.

one reason why it is desirable to plant them here and there in the perennial borders where they are not conspicuous when their too brief season is over. The old pink and crimson China Roses have not this defect, for with constant attention to cutting back the shoots that have flowered, a succession of bloom may be kept up through the autumn months and, in some sheltered spots, even until Christmas. These, indeed, scarcely come under the head of the old garden Roses named above, though such they are in point of time, having been introduced some 200 years ago. Happily those, untouched by any change of fashion, never have and never will be other than part and parcel of our English gardens. A bush of real old garden Roses was brought to the writer recently from a neighbouring rectory garden, which looked as though they might have been the originals of some old picture by Van Huysen—flat saucer-shaped flowers filled in with countless petals of tender rose pink and scenting the air with the true Rose incense. Three varieties made up the bouquet—two of them still known by their old names of Cynthia and La Volupté, the third, nameless, having outlived its reputation, for these Roses, incredible as it may seem, have flourished for fifty years in the garden whence they came. Leafage and scent marked them plainly as descendants of the Provence and Gallica Roses, which produced such innumerable varieties in the days before Teas and Hybrid Perpetuals came into vogue or were even dreamt of. The beauty and vigour of these typical old Rose bushes, blushing all over with flowers, planted as they are at intervals among the evergreens of the shrubbery, are most remarkable, and their long lease of existence for half a century in that position is worth recording. Probably one might look in vain for such names in modern Rose lists; but, none the less, they are very charming, and it is pleasant to know that up and down the country there are gardens where they are still enshrined among the treasures that belonged to the olden time.

THE VIOLETTA PANSIES.

The Pansy, Heartsease or Viola—it is known under the three names—is a flower that contributes much beauty to the English garden; but a race has



Miss E. L. Turner.

ON HER WAY TO THE NEST.

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arisen called "Violetta," the foundation of which was laid by the late Dr. Stuart of Chirside. We owe Mr. D. B. Crane of Highgate much praise for having, from Dr. Stuart's beginning, created a group which should have much influence on the English gardens of the future. At this time the rock garden is usually a dry waste; the Alyssums, Aubrietias and flowers which splash the home of alpine plants with colour have long since flown, and it is then the Violetta Pansies—sweet little garden Violets, if we may so call them—will take the place of the plants that have ceased to bloom. There is much of the true Violet character in the flowers; the growth is tufted—that is, compact, strong, and the flowers are borne in such profusion that scarcely a leaf is visible, while the fragrance is that of the hedgerow wilding—a sweet, delicious, alluring scent, more pronounced perhaps in some varieties than in others, but never absent. The Violetta Pansies are very easily grown; the growth is vigorous, and if an increase of plants is desired the best way to effect this is by dividing—that is, splitting up the roots in spring, or by cuttings in late August. The cuttings should be simply the growths taken off with a little root attached if possible; if not, cut just beneath a joint and insert in a shallow box or a pot filled with light soil. As a rule, Pansy cuttings are quite safe in the open garden; but the "Violettas" are still rare, and a greater regard to detail is advisable. The flowers are exquisite. Not only is the scent agreeably strong; but the form is perfect, and the colouring varies greatly, without any crude contrasts. A few of the most beautiful are as follows: Diana is yellow, richer on the lower petals than the upper; Robinia, white, with a suffusion of yellow, and the flower less than $\frac{1}{2}$ in. across; Gertrude Jekyll, a "bicolor," the flower being half primrose and half yellow, the two colours quite distinct; Vestal, pure white, except the little yellow eye, as it is called, in the centre; Lavinia, bluish lavender, the most fragrant of all; Sweetness, very sweet, as the name suggests, and in colour a bluish white, the stem long, and the fragrance powerful—one of the most useful of the group; Olivia, bluish, very free; and Thisbe, bluish lilac, with yellow eye, a lovely flower, and dense in growth. These are the gems of their race, and we hope they will be much seen in the rock gardens of the future.

AN EXTRAORDINARY FOXGLOVE.

We have received many flowers of a Foxglove which the senders think unusual. We well remember this Foxglove years ago; it was then called a "freak"; but now it may be purchased from well-known firms under the name of Monstrosus. It is simply an abnormal form of the wilding of our woods, a flower which suggests the Canterbury Bell, with this difference, that the Canterbury Bell-like flower only appears at the apex of the stem. We dislike this monstrosity, but we like the variety of Foxglove called Gloxiniflora, a flower that is in shape like the Foxglove of the woods, but the colour is white, with deep brown spots—a charming group, which we believe originated with Messrs. Vilmorin of Paris. This is the season to sow Foxgloves, and nothing contributes more to the beauty of the woodland than such flowers as the Foxglove, the Loosestripe and many others we could name.

RANDOM NOTES.

Sweet Pea St. George.—We mentioned recently in some general notes a new Sweet Pea called St. George, which was raised by the famous firm of Messrs. Hurst and Son, Houndsditch. Some flowers before us confirm an opinion already expressed that this is one of the finest novelties of the year. It is a colour we desire, a brilliant scarlet; more scarlet than Scarlet Gem, to which it has been compared, and the growth is more vigorous. This novelty, we believe, will be sent out next spring, and should be noted now as one of the annual flowers to obtain.

A New Tea Rose.—The Royal Horticultural Society recently gave their Award of Merit to a Tea Rose called Hugo Roiler, raised by Messrs. William Paul and Son of Waltham Cross. It is probably the most distinct pure Tea Rose raised of recent years, and, fortunately, there is plenty of strong colour in the flower. It may be compared with Marie Van Houtte; there is the same creamy white in the centre, but the outer petals are quite crimson, a remarkable contrast. Fragrance, distinct colouring, freedom and vigorous growth are the attributes of this beautiful English-raised Tea Rose.



THE most beautiful vignette in all that amazing and almost unknown collection of water-colours with which Turner has illustrated the "Rivers of France" is the lovely view of Château Gaillard, which the artist himself entitled "The Ferry of Petit Andyles." It may well have been his last impression of the towers of France along the Seine—this fortress built by an English king, still standing like a rock upon the rock from which it grows. The dark precipice that rises from the river is the height from which Richard Cœur de Lion hurled three prisoners to destruction when his Welsh troops had been beaten in the valley by the French. The place is almost as unknown to English travellers as are Turner's paintings in the cellars of the National Gallery. Yet it was the scene of a tragedy on which the fate of England hung. When Château Gaillard fell it was no fortress merely that capitulated; it was the feudal system that crashed down to ruin. From its conquered battlements the vision of a prophet might have looked across the pleasant vale of Seine and seen the fields of Runnymede.

Turner, looking out beyond those gigantic cliffs of shattered masonry, with the eye not of a prophet, but of a creative poet, saw all that wide sweep of the river, in the semblance of a bow, on which the castle is set like an arrow drawn to the very head. Try as you will, you may not see that vision now. Yet Turner's landscape is more true than any geographical exactitude. He realised what Château Gaillard meant; he knew it for the bulwark of English Normandy against her foes of France. Its rugged stones have seen more than the ruin of a system, more than the racial change of ownership, which to the calm historian are the chief associations of this place. To the traveller whose heart beats quicker at the touch of personal sorrows or at the

call of single-hearted heroism, Château Gaillard was the scene not merely of Richard Lionheart's gallantries, of John Lackland's cowardice, of Philip Augustus and his soldiers, but of the horrors of a protracted siege and a bloodstained assault, of Margaret of Burgundy's hapless ending, of countless unrecorded acts of individual military valour to which its time-stained buttresses are the best monument. In this place I must sometimes omit—I must

invariably select—and in the sketch which follows of this English fortress in a foreign land I shall pass lightly over nearly all its history except that one tremendous episode which tore the English leopards from above its towers.

The constant fighting between Philip Augustus of France and Richard Plantagenet ceased for a while at the so-called Treaty of 1196, signed between Gaillon and Vaudreuil, by which Rouen and the heart of Normandy was practically left open to the French attack, for the line of the Epte and the stronghold of Gisors had been given over to the enemy. Richard at once realised that he could only hold his lands in future by the force of arms, and the importance he attached to guarding Rouen may be judged from the fact that the bulwark he built against her enemies was the most celebrated fortress of the Middle Ages. He chose its site where the Seine, after receiving the Epte along a fairly straight portion of its course, bends suddenly at Gaillon into a great semi-circle to the north, which is broken where the Valley of Les Andelys cleaves the line of cliffs along its banks.



"THE FERRY OF PETIT ANDYLES."

From the original water-colour by Turner in the National Gallery.

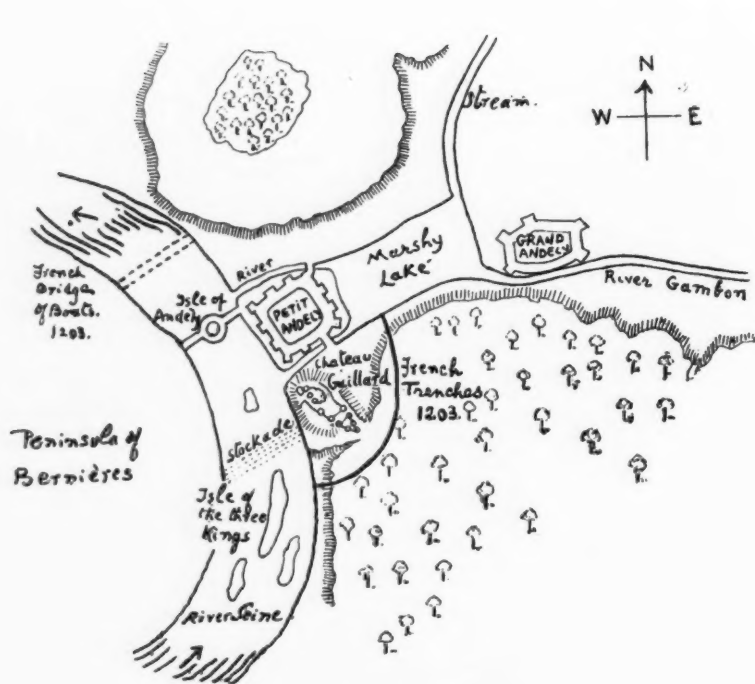
The distant hills are crowned with woods; within the curve lies a flat plain of meadow-land; round it, broken with green islands, and flashing blue and grey beneath the sun, the Seine bends like a bow of steel as it flows on to Rouen. The portion of the curve picked out by Richard for his outworks I have indicated in the first of my rough plans, for it will conclusively show the



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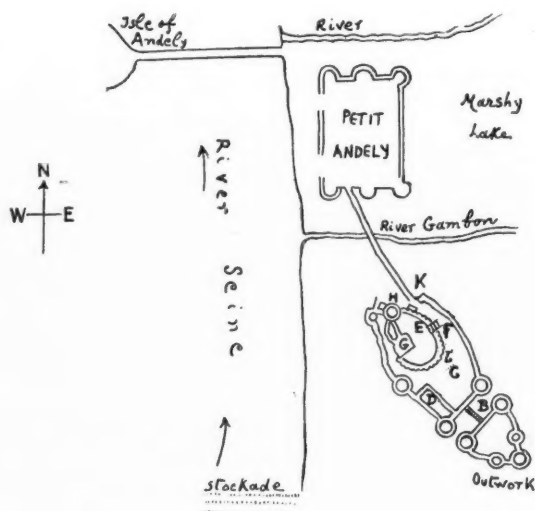
CHÂTEAU GAILLARD FROM THE SEINE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



PLAN A.

skill with which every natural possibility had been utilised to make the place impregnable; and it must be realised that when Richard chose it the only building there was Grand Andely, and there was a definite clause in the treaty that the rock above it was not to be fortified. Yet another difficulty was interposed by the fact that Andely belonged to Gautier de Coutances, Archbishop of Rouen, who had indeed wielded full powers in England for twenty-seven months by Richard's direct orders, but who was none the less determined to uphold to the full all his rights and privileges upon the soil of France. Philip Augustus could be openly defied, and the building was, as a matter of fact, begun before the year was over in which the treaty had been signed; but the arm of the Church was a very different matter. The resolute Archbishop laid Normandy under an interdict. All religious services ceased, the images of the saints were veiled in black, the statues of the Virgin were laid down and covered with a cloak of thorns, the benefit of the sacraments was refused to everyone, the dead were left unburied, the new-born came into the world unblest. But amid the universal consternation of the province Richard went on his way unmoved. The sufferings of the population were never much regarded by their overlords. Even the open menaces of heaven passed over the stubborn king unheeded. A rain of blood fell on the fortress and its workmen, says the chronicler, who adds that Richard would have never

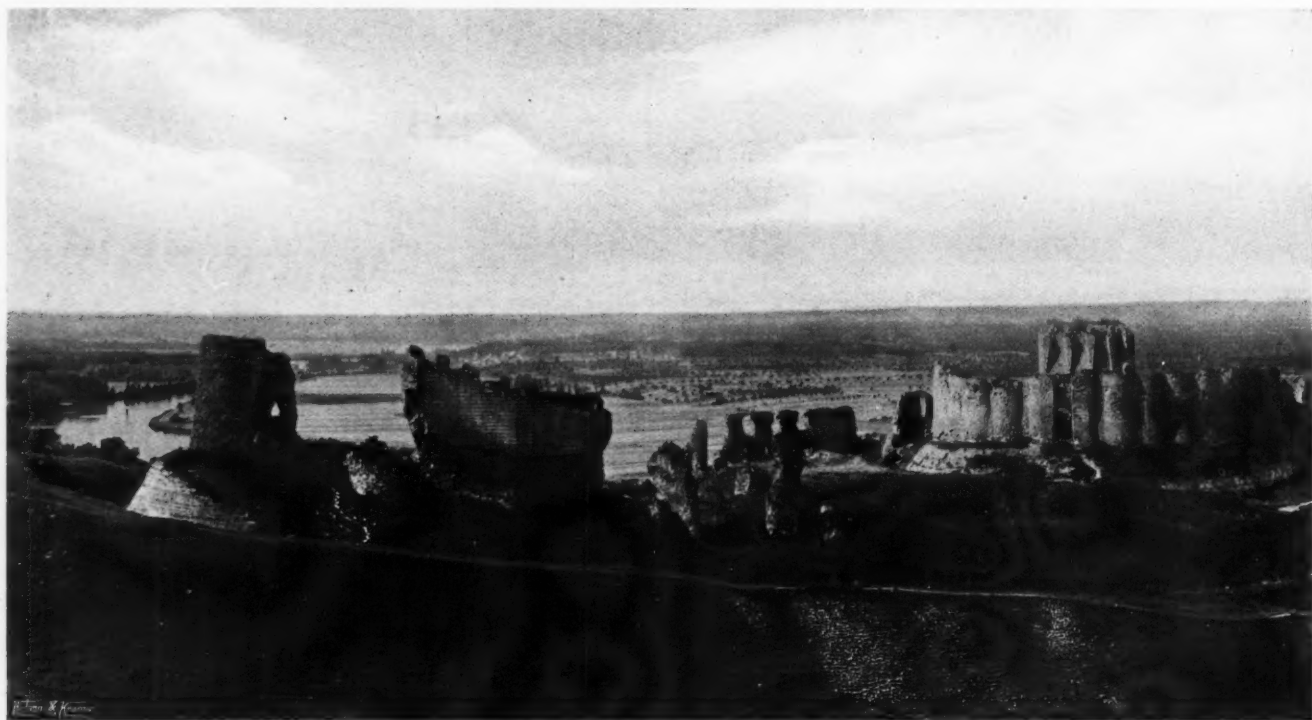


- B. Drawbridge. C. Outer Bailey. D. John's Chapel.
E. Citadel. F. Entrance to Citadel. G. Keep.
H. Entrance to Outer Bailey. K. Postern Gate.
L. Subterranean Granaries.

PLAN B.

turned from his purpose even if an angel had come down to bid him stay. At last the Archbishop yielded, being satisfied by the terms of a most excellent bargain; and the charter which ratified the exchange on October 16th, 1197, is preserved in the archives of his cathedral city, bearing the Lionheart's seal, and confirmed by a separate instrument, which is signed by the name of John, his heir. The cross which perpetuated its memory was standing in Rouen until the Calvinists overthrew it in 1562, and the monument with which the Cardinal d'Amboise replaced it is in the garden of the Musée des Antiquités.

It was not the precipice of Andely itself which first engaged the attention of Richard's workmen. He began by fortifying the little islet of Andely in the middle of the river to the north and west, and making it the buttressed centre of a military bridge from one bank of the river to the other. At its eastern extremity he built a citadel on shore large enough to become the town called Petit Andely, which was separated from the older Grand Andely (still further to the east) by a morass that was fed partly by a small stream from the north, and partly by the river Gambon flowing westwards to the Seine. The marsh has dried up now, but in the twelfth century it was an obvious defence which Richard gladly utilised. Both streams were bridged, and when Grand Andely itself was fortified the whole of the lower works upon the river level were completed, the river itself being



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RUINS OF CHÂTEAU GAILLARD FROM THE EAST.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



"COUNTRY LIFE."

THE CITADEL

Copyright.



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THE MOAT.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

still further guarded by a strong stockade of palisades driven firmly into its bed just below the Isle of the Three Kings and exactly beneath the precipice on which Château Gaillard was to rise. This rock was fortunately chosen not merely from its position above the river, but from its curious conformation among the hills above. Three hundred feet above the Seine, 600ft. in length by about 200ft. at its broadest, it projected boldly from the high table-land of forest to the east, being united to it by a mere tongue of land, which was guarded by deep ravines on either side that were still further perfected by Richard's engineers. It is still possible to trace the final fortifications that crowned

this lofty site, and, with the aid of my second rough sketch-plan, you may observe the disposition and the strength of Richard's towers and walls. The all-important tongue of land which joined the little plateau to the broad table-land behind it was, of course, the first thing to be made secure. An isosceles triangle, with sides of 140ft. upon a base of 100ft., pushed out its furthest angle in a south-eastern outwork that commanded the approach and was flanked by round towers on either side connected with it by strong curtain-walls. Its masonry is 10ft. thick, and even thicker to the west, where a staircase in the protruding angle gave access to the upper works. Behind it, on the spreading base, were two



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THE SEINE FROM THE CHÂTEAU.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

more towers which guarded the drawbridge to the outer Bailey beyond, joined by a wall which reaches as much as 14ft. in thickness at its strongest part. All round this first triangle was a moat with a perpendicular counterscarp cut 30ft. wide into the living rock, with a depth that is still 40ft. on the eastern angle, in spite of the *débris* with which the years have filled it. Though the ground of this outwork was roughly levelled, it preserved a natural slope from the south-east to the north-west, which added to its strength. Behind it rose the main constructions of the fort. The

river. But all this served only as the preliminary, or protection, to the actual citadel within, that extraordinary mass of stonework which preserves, in its curious arrangement of semi-circular buttresses, the most characteristic masonry in Château Gaillard. These semi-circular buttresses are really the segments of towers placed so closely together that there is scarcely 2ft. of curtain-wall between each pair. Some authors have pointed out that this arrangement existed before 1186 in a fort at Cherbourg. But whether it was wholly original or not, the details of its



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THE CLIFF OF ANDELY FROM THE WEST.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

western end of the drawbridge was guarded by two towers at each end of a thick wall, almost exactly similar to the buildings on the eastern extremity. From these towers two irregular lines of fortification enclosed the Outer Bailey and the Citadel. At the south-west corner, overlooking the Seine, is a building known as John's Chapel, erected above the cellars and latrines that Richard originally built upon the space beneath it; and in this courtyard, called the Outer Bailey, there was also a huge well, which penetrated the recesses of the rock down to the level of the

construction are certainly due to the same Royal architect who sketched the whole plan of the general defences, and they are not the least of many evidences of Richard's real skill as an engineer. The advanced outwork was somewhat like the Norman Roche Guyon, but its separation from the Bailey by a moat was wholly Plantagenet, and the careful protection of the curtain-walls by flanking towers was wholly Richard's, for hitherto they had trusted to their massive solidity alone. It is this same system of flank defence which inspired the semi-cylindrical

towers of the citadel; and they are built with the most careful provision against that close attack by sapping and mining which was the greatest danger of a mediæval siege. One delicate point in their construction would be enough to prove that it was neither on curtain-walls, nor towers, nor even on the moat, alone, that Richard ultimately depended for security. If so, the towers would have been semi-circular projections, straight up and down from parapet to fosse. They are, however, most ingeniously fitted at their base into conic sections of masonry, which permit the embrasures to command the whole line of the building and its moat in such a way that it would be impossible for anyone to work at the base of the wall without being enfiladed by arrows and missiles from each side.

Even when the citadel was taken there remained a last refuge for the garrison in the huge keep, or donjon tower, on the north-west of the rock, commanding the only entrance to the citadel. This donjon was built with enormous machicolations, somewhat like those of the Palace of the Popes at Avignon, only deeper at their summit than at the base, where they met the spreading masonry of the lower levels of the keep. This masonry was built on a slope so calculated that missiles and rocks hurled straight down from the battlements would bound off it on to the assailants, and as the walls rose sheer out of the solid rock, it was practically impossible (within any reasonable time allowed

to a besieging force) to undermine them. To nothing short of famine could that splendid keep have yielded. When I have added that at the point L in my second plan huge subterranean granaries were cut into the rock, lighted from the moat and communicating with the constructions beneath John's Chapel, I shall have completed the tale of the most typical details in a fortress which may well have been considered impregnable by its creator. In Richard's lifetime it was never taken. It could only have been under the shameful laxity and cowardice of his recreant brother John that Château Gaillard could have fallen.

So great was the energy which inspired the Lion Heart that these huge and expensive works were completed in a year.



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A STREET IN PETIT ANDELY.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

"I would it were of iron, and I would take it from him," cried the French King. "I would defend it against Philip Augustus if it were made of butter," replied Richard, and the standard with his royal leopards flew above its battlements until his death. Perhaps I should have an even more inspiring story to tell if either had attempted to make good his boast. But the truth is good enough.

When war broke out between the angry kings, Richard secured a sturdy friend in Baldwin Count of Flanders, who signed the treaty of alliance on the Isle of Andely. The first French soldiers seen in Château Gaillard were the prisoners Richard took in chasing Philip Augustus from Courcelles to the walls of Gisors, and before his death in a disgraceful foray at Chalus a five years' truce had once again been signed. The only other memory of him that still lingers there is his intrigue with the beautiful Yolande de Gourdon, whom he carried off from Blossac. She was rescued by her gigantic husband, who got into Château Gaillard by a postern gate and bore her home. The first time the fortress ever let a foe within its gates was by the sin of its commander. The second time was by his brother's cowardice and by the bravery of France; but even then there is a legend that the first soldier who penetrated within the stronghold's massive walls was a young Norman peasant girl called Louise, who is said to have been the first and last love of the unhappy Arthur, the

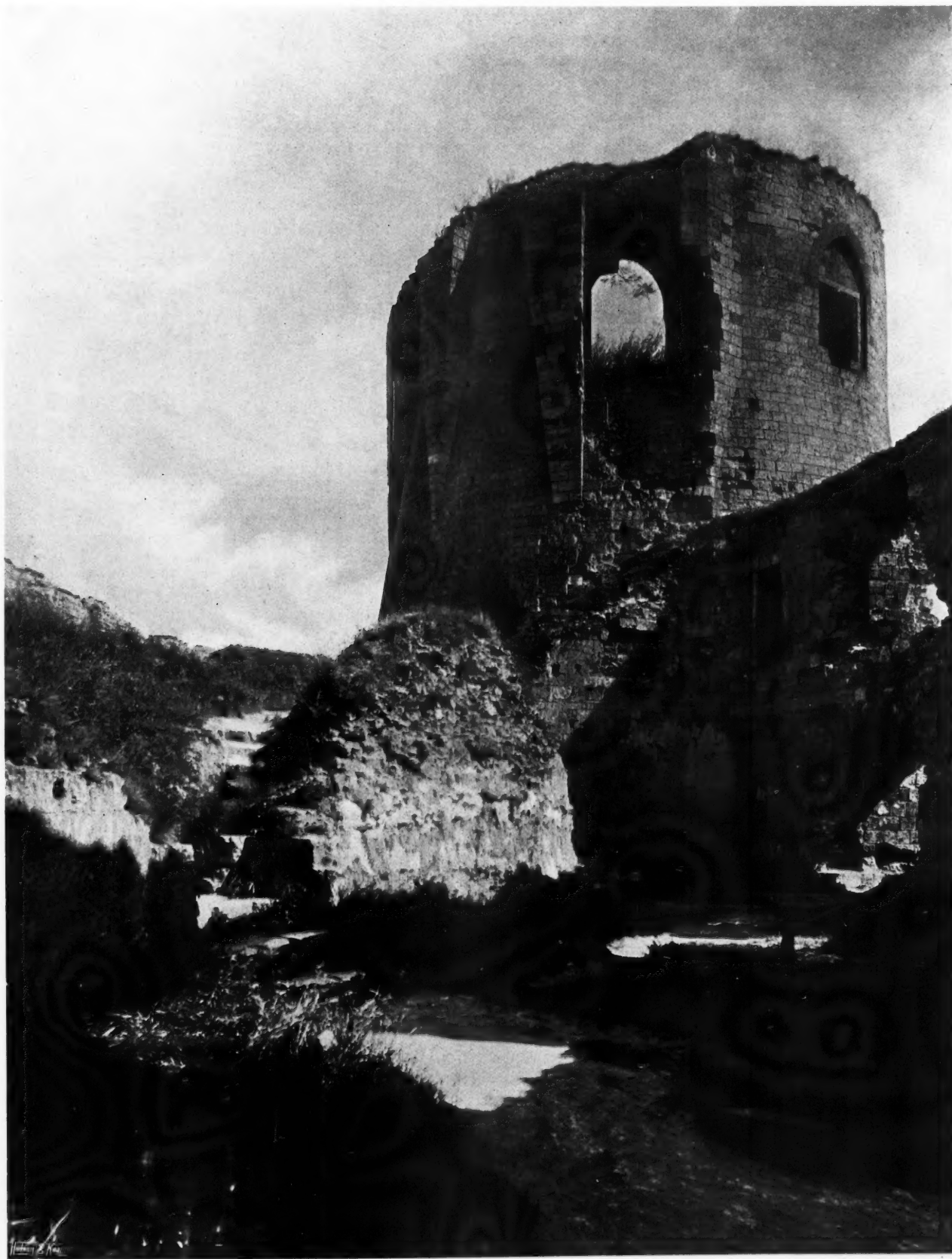
young Duke of Brittany. Romance refuses to leave these strong and sinister bastions even at the grimmest moment of their history.

Philip Augustus was not long in making up his mind to attack Château Gaillard as soon as he knew that only John was its defender. He began by destroying "Boutavant," the outpost of Andely, some three miles to the south-west on the right bank of the Seine. That enabled him to advance to Toëni, and from there to march across the peninsula and fortify the neck of land by a swinging curve of entrenchments to Bernières in the north. This drove John's scanty garrison back on the Isle of Andely, where they destroyed the bridge that joined it to the left bank of the river. The French King then moved off to Arques, as

though to distract the languid John's attention from Château Gaillard, and soon afterwards young Arthur Duke of Brittany was murdered. The French campaign became at once an avenging crusade against the assassin, who characteristically stayed behind the fighting line and left Château Gaillard to be defended by Roger de Lacy, the Constable of Chester. "Vir magnanimus et bellicosus," says one contemporary historian of Roger; "Vir audacissimus et armipotens," writes another. He had full need of his courage; for, deserted by his own King, he was to be attacked by the King of France in person, a monarch celebrated throughout Europe for the skill and courage of his assaults and sieges. Even then, Roger de Lacy could have held out if only his Sovereign had taken the most elementary precautions, if only the slightest effort to relieve the strain had been

made by the King of England when the blockade had once begun. A sudden attack on Philip's army when it was fully engaged in the cul-de-sac of Bernières would have destroyed the whole plan of operations of the French. As it was, they were left to carry out all they wanted without molestation. It seemed as if the ghost of Cœur de Lion on the battlements he loved were the one foe they had to fear.

As has been seen, the fortress itself was the centre of a complicated series of defences, of which only Boutavant had hitherto been taken. It remained, before any real beginning of the siege was possible, to ensure a safe passage for French ships on the river, and to ensure safe camping for French soldiers on the further shore. The first thing to be done was to destroy Richard's stockade across the Seine. While a feint attack was



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ONE OF THE TOWERS OF RICHARD CŒUR DE LION.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

made upon the Isle of Andely, a forlorn hope of intrepid swimmers, headed by a man of Mantes called Gaubert, hacked down the palisade with hatchets and axes until there was sufficient room for a transport galley to get through. Then a flotilla of the flat barges used for carrying carts and horses was ordered down the stream, and others from the west. Four of these latter were so fixed in the river just below the Isle of Andely that a bridge of planks could be built along them, and huge towers of rough woodwork were erected to dominate the fort upon the island.

All this naturally took time, and John at last bethought himself of some reprisals. Summoning William the Marshal,

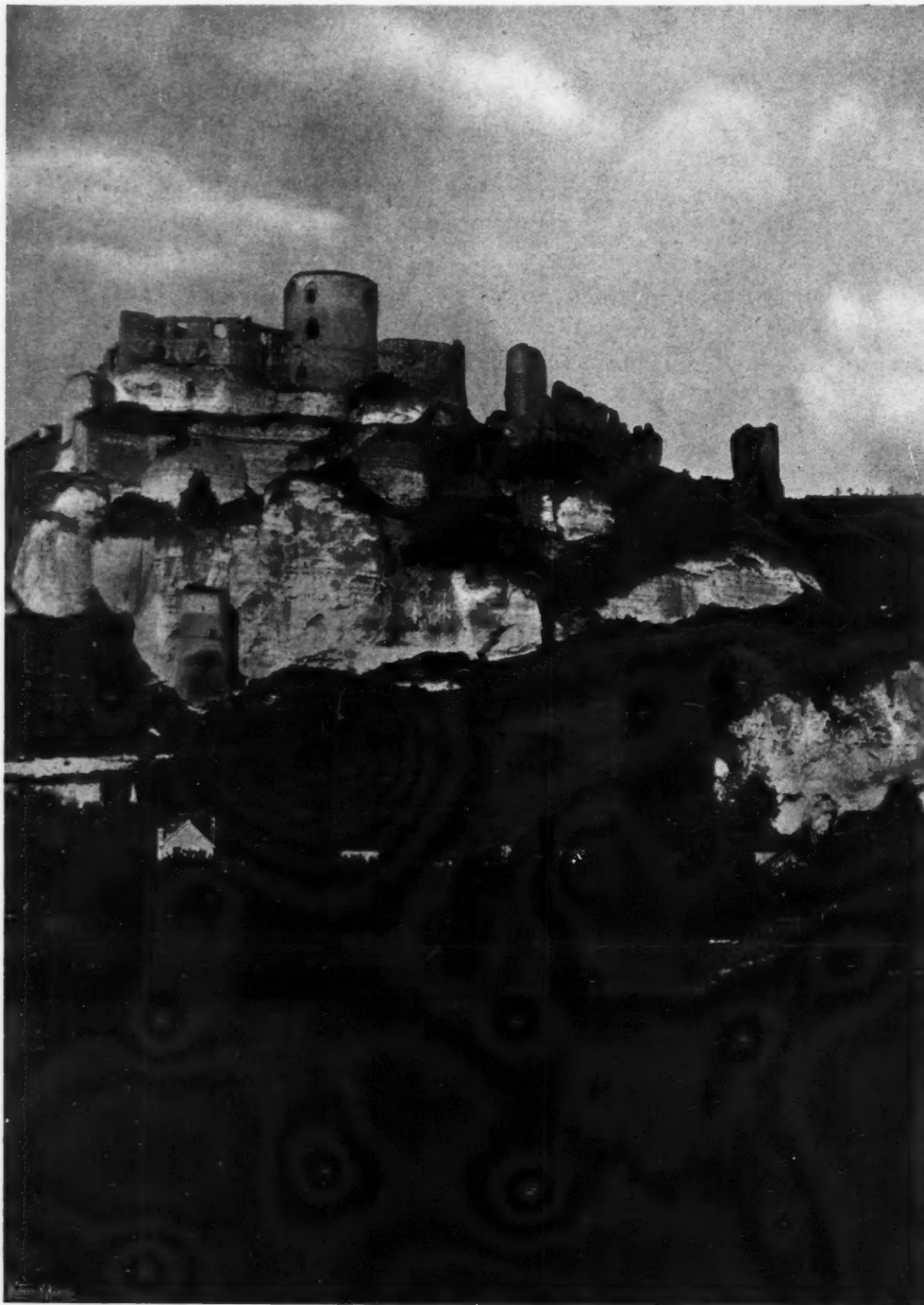
sufficient force for the importance of the prize at stake. William the Marshal made his night attack, as was agreed, on Bernières, and drove the French camp-followers in confusion down the peninsula bounded by the Seine. If it had not been for the delay caused by the entrenchments, that whole division of the army of Philip Augustus would have perished, for the first rush of fugitives broke down the pontoon bridge which joined his two wings, and the English attack could have swept away all opposition into the waters of the Seine. But the sounds of combat and of flight aroused the *élite* of the French force on the eastern bank. Guillaume des Barres and Mathieu de Montmorency rushed to the rescue. In a trice they had put spirit into the French lines,

and in an hour repaired the bridge. Pouring across into the plain of Bernières they caught the English in a trap with the French lines behind them and routed the attack. The fleet that was to co-operate with William the Marshal arrived too late to help him. When it did come, with the dawn, Philip Augustus himself headed the eager soldiers who thronged to beat it back. Beside him were such mighty captains as Simon de Montford and the brave Mauvoisin. From their fortified bridge the French cross-bowmen poured missiles on the advancing boats, which were pelted with rocks and beams of wood from the military engines on both banks, but the leading barges grappled with the bridge itself. A terrific hand-to-hand combat began, which only ended when an enormous beam of solid oak projected from above sank both the Norman galleys at a stroke. The rest fled hurriedly.

Though two such sudden and terrible disasters had happened beneath their very eyes, the garrison still held on bravely in the Isle of Andely. It was Gaubert of Mantes again who gave the victory to France. With burning embers carried in water-tight jars upon his back he swam to the eastern corner of the defenders' palisade and set it well alight. The flames gained rapidly and soon passed into the fort itself. Fairly smoked out, the gallant defenders had to fly from actual suffocation, and those who failed to fight their way through the French lines were taken prisoners. Philip Augustus straightway occupied the island, and the river was henceforth his own. The fortress-town of Petit Andely immediately recognised that its case was desperate, and before the French had time to advance further some 1,500 women and children fled from the walls up the cliff-paths to Château Gaillard. They were received for the moment. But it had been better for them had they faced the wolves upon the plain beneath than trusted to the

mercy of the warfare of those bitter days. Their subsequent fate is one of the most hideous episodes of the terrible siege that followed. The sufferings of these innocent victims, and the warfare on the Seine, at just such another curve upon its sinuous course, were almost exactly reproduced when Henry V. of England besieged Rouen later on.

At one stroke the French army had taken all the outlying defences to the north and west of Château Gaillard. They quickly occupied Petit Andely with a strong garrison and a new French population. The taking of Radepont, some little distance off, secured the safety of their foragers in the surrounding country. By the end of September, 1202, Philip Augustus had



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THE RUINS FROM THE WESTERN SHORE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

Earl of Pembroke, to his help, he sent him with 300 knights, 3,000 mounted men and about 4,000 mercenaries on foot to break through the pontoon bridge by which a large part of the French army had already passed into the Vexin, and thus cut the troops of Philip Augustus into two halves. At the same time Martin of Arques and the pirate galleys of Alain were to deliver an attack on the bridge by water and bring a convoy of barges loaded with provisions for the English garrison. Among the fleet were the boats that carried the 3,000 men sent by Baldwin of Flanders. This sounds a well-conceived attack; but it lacked the energy that in those days could be inspired solely by the personal presence of the Royal leader, and it was not made in



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PILLARS OF THE GRANARY.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

made up his mind how to invest the fortress on the rock, that "eagle's nest of which all Normandy was proud." The season of the year made the lengthy preliminaries of an assault impossible in the case of so strong a castle. He, therefore, hastened slowly by building a fortified trench in a great semi-circle round the tongue of land at the south-eastern extremity of Château Gaillard, a trench which rose from the Seine opposite the Isle of the Three Kings, passed over the plateau and came down again into the marshy lake to the north-east of Petit Andely. Great towers, with spacious moats, were built at regular intervals along this trench; and within them, with guards disposed along the whole line, the French army sat down to starve out Château Gaillard through the winter. Roger de Lacy began to realise that food was precious. He sent out 500 of the most aged and infirm of those who had taken refuge within his walls from Petit Andely. Seeing they were allowed to pass, he sent out 500 more. Then Philip Augustus, who had left the place for a while, heard of the thoughtless humanity of his lieutenant and sternly forbade him to repeat it. Warfare can have no

mercy, and the last 400 refugees were repulsed from the French lines with a flight of arrows. Rushing back to the gates of Château Gaillard they were once more driven away with stones and javelins from its walls. The huge, inhospitable moat was their one refuge from the wintry sky below those pitiless ramparts. Ragged, defenceless, nourished only by roots and bitter grass, grubbed from the war-scarred ground, they died slowly in the freezing nights, or went mad and hurled themselves into the watch-fires of the French. Some few, more fortunate, were slain by chance missiles from one side or the other. From

time to time, as week after week dragged on, the heap of rags and withered anatomies heaved slowly, and the little spectre of a child crawled out, imploring food. For three months there was still movement in that hideous ravine. Then the French King sent alms to the small remnant that remained, and nearly all of these perished from the shock soon afterwards.

It was now the middle of February, 1204, and Philip Augustus made up his mind that he could wait no longer. He was left an entirely free hand by the recreant John, and so he gradually extended the space



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INSIDE THE WALLS.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

upon the south-eastern tongue of land, by filling up the moats upon each side of it, until he made room for his largest engines to approach the angle tower of the Outwork. On a huge scaffolding, built up to a higher level than the Outwork's battlements, he placed a body of his best cross-bowmen to clear the enemies' walls of their defenders, and all the while the filling of the moat beneath went on without a pause. At last the earth and rubbish thrown into the ravine was of almost a sufficient height. Impatient of delay, the advance guard of the French stuck swords and daggers into the chalk soil of the cliff and mounted to the base of the ramparts. There they swiftly dug a cave into the friable soil that protected the first line from the plunging fire of the defenders, and by continually enlarging this cave, as more and more men hurried to the attack, they at last burrowed to the very foundations of the walls themselves. These they at first propped up with wooden beams, and then dug all the earth away between the wooden supports, and when enough of this work had been done they set fire to the beams and rushed back to the safety of their own trenches. They had scarcely reached them when half of the great tower fell with a roar into the moat beneath. With the clouds of dust that rose into the air and hid for a time the whole castle from the French lines, there soon mingled the smoke of burning buildings. Lacy had realised that a retreat was inevitable, and he set fire to the Outwork before withdrawing into the Outer Bailey and pulling up the drawbridge behind him. In a few moments the banner of Cadoc, leader of the French mercenaries, was waving on the ruined walls that once had guarded Château Gaillard. But the Citadel itself remained as strong as ever. The only word that had reached Lacy from King John was the Royal advice as to the best means of retreat if he were beaten. But the lion heart of Richard still animated the Constable of Chester, and the "Saucy Castle" still held out.

Throughout the story of this amazing siege, it seems as if one difficulty after another had arisen only to give some heroic Frenchman a desperate chance of overcoming it successfully. It was so now. Bogis, a young squire—in whom the romantic historian will not be slow to recognise the Louise of murdered Arthur—disguised in chain mail, and thirsting for vengeance on the English King, had seen a little window, beneath the building of John's Chapel, which lighted up the cellars and latrines at about the same level as the moat outside. By climbing on a comrade's shoulders in the dead of night, he managed to get through the window and let down a cord for his companions to come after him. Together they rushed to the cellar doors that opened towards the inner courtyard of the castle, shouting and beating with their swords upon the woodwork. The startled garrison imagined the whole French army had got into Château Gaillard, and immediately set fire to John's Chapel to retard at least the first rush of the attack. Bogis and his few gallant comrades took refuge in the windings of the subterranean gallery from the first violence of the fire, which all the French army were now watching with the keenest anxiety, and as soon as the flames had abated they rushed across the smouldering embers, right through the blazing doorway, and out to the courtyard. Once there, it was but a moment's work to let the drawbridge down again, and in a flash the French were pouring into the Outer Bailey.

The brave Lacy was now reduced to the Citadel itself, that semi-circle of skilfully-built segmental towers already described, which guarded the donjon keep, the heart of the whole fortress which was yielding so slowly to her enemy. It must not be imagined that the fighting, so far, had gone on without heavy loss on both sides. But the well-fed French could always put a fresh man in the place of every one who fell. The total of the hungry English garrison was diminishing from day to day. Still, it was the fittest who survived, and they were prepared to hold out to the bitter end. The entrance to the Citadel was not opposite to the drawbridge (B on my second plan) from the Outwork, but on the east side (at F), and was approached by a ridge of rock, which had been left to form a bridge when the rest was cut away in the excavation of the moat. This ridge was at once attacked by the French, who slipped a protective machine along it and threw forward sappers, who worked in pairs in safety beneath the foundations of the Citadel wall. At first, Lacy held them at bay by a counter-mine through his own defences, which raked their line and did heavy damage to their soldiers and sappers. Then Philip Augustus, deliberately sacrificing scores of men, brought up one of his heaviest engines of artillery, which hurled gigantic rocks against the Citadel gate, and in a short time the effect of its repeated shocks upon a structure already weakened by the mine, produced a practicable breach, which fell so suddenly that Lacy and his men were found all together close behind it. They had no time to retire to the Donjon behind them, and they fought gallantly for some minutes against the overpowering rush of the French advance guard, which at once began to pour into Château Gaillard. But there was scarcely room to wield their weapons, and those of the garrison who had not been slain at the first onset were soon afterwards surrounded and taken prisoners, on March 6th, 1204.

The very complication of Richard's defensive works had prevented his garrison from using their full strength against any single point of attack. The network of fortified posts had only served as an assistance to the besiegers, who took them one after another with attacks by overwhelming numbers and went on, strengthened, to the next, being numerous enough to be able to sacrifice large quantities of men in getting their machines and engines to close quarters and preparing the way for the final rush of their full force. The lessons he learnt here were put to good use by Philip Augustus, later on, in other fortresses; and it must always be remembered that even so great a master of siege as he had been eight months in capturing a castle which had been left entirely to its own devices by its craven owner. Roger de Lacy was treated with the deference due to so heroic a captain, and was kept a prisoner on parole in France, whence he returned with his surviving comrades to England at a ransom of 6,000 marks in silver. In the previous December King John had fled to London. By July Rouen had fallen. The loss of Château Gaillard involved the loss of Normandy.

England might indeed regret the conquest by Philip Augustus of that motherland of heroes which had taken Sicily and England too; might mourn to see her seven great cities, her strong fortresses, her stately minsters, her Teutonic people in a Roman land, all under the yoke of a dynasty whom Duke William had beaten at Varaville and King Henry had conquered at Noyon. But the loss was England's gain. Château Gaillard led on to Runnymede, her Norman nobles became her own Englishmen. She could well afford to pay the price of giving up the posts she held across the Channel, for her real boundaries were henceforth to be the inviolate sea.

Of Château Gaillard's later history I need say little more. In 1261 Saint Louis stayed here. In 1314 Marguerite and Blanche, the adulterous wives of Louis-le-Hutin and Charles-le-Bel, were imprisoned here. Their story has been told by Dumas in the "Tour de Nesle"; and I must not linger on it now. In one of the dungeons of Château Gaillard the unhappy Marguerite paid the last penalty for her sins, and was strangled in her winding-sheet. In 1334, David Bruce, King of Scotland, fled here for safety with his young wife. In 1419, Henry V. besieged it, and for a short time the English flag, guarded by the chivalrous Manny, floated again above the castle of the Lionheart. But in 1431 La Hire took it back by assault. Yet once more it passed into English hands during the shifting fortunes of the Hundred Years' War. But in 1449 Charles VII. finally drove out the foreigners by the help of Jean and Pierre de Brézé, whose name that celebrated lady, Diane de Poitiers, was to bear later on, as "La Grande Sénéchale de Normandie." In 1562 Antoine de Bourbon, father of Henri IV., came here to die of the wound he had received before the walls of Rouen, and in 1591 the "Vert Galant" in person was received with all honour within its walls. In 1616 Louis XIII. ordered the Duc de Montbazou to complete the destruction his predecessor had begun, and from that time onwards Château Gaillard has been a deserted ruin, the neglected monument of forgotten English soldiers.

THEODORE ANDREA COOK.

WILD COUNTRY LIFE

HIGH NESTING OF THE SWIFT.

THE swift is almost the last bird one would expect to meet with on the summits of some of the highest Scottish mountains, and yet on a fine calm day swifts are to be seen in large numbers wheeling over the hillsides, and busily engaged in hawking for flies. On Lochnagar (3,800ft.) a lofty precipice faces to the east, and a swift has been observed entering a hole in the rocks with straw for nesting purposes. On a visit to the latter hill a few days ago, I thought I might possibly see the birds entering the rocks with food for their young; but, unfortunately, the precipice was shrouded in mist almost continuously, so I had no chance of making observations. The following day, however, when after the dotterel on the plateau of Ben A'an (over 3,800ft. above sea-level), I saw great numbers of swifts soaring around the gigantic granite rocks which project at intervals from the plateau, but saw no signs of any nests, so am of opinion that the birds had only ventured to these heights owing to the warmth and stillness of the day. All the same, they seemed rather out of place in these wilds, with a golden eagle soaring near them and ptarmigan croaking all around. The swift, although the latest of the swallow family to reach our shores in spring, is, nevertheless, the first to depart, and after the middle of August only a few stragglers will be left.

MEADOW-PIPET *versus* SANDPIPER.

The other day, while walking along the banks of the Dee, I saw a full-fledged young sandpiper flying along the river's surface pursued by a meadow-pipit, or titlark. At first I thought that both birds must be flying near together; but soon it was apparent that the titlark, for some reason, was giving chase to the sandpiper, which, suddenly losing its head, fell right into the river, but quickly recovered itself and flew rapidly away. The meadow-pipit, thinking, apparently, that it had been punished sufficiently, turned round and flew back to where she probably had young ones.

THE MERLIN.

This little hawk is very locally distributed throughout the country, and is, on the whole, not nearly so commonly met with as the sparrow-hawk or

kestrel. A short time ago a keeper found a nest of the species containing four eggs, and, as this was the first seen in the district for a considerable time, I went up to get some pictures of it. The keeper's cottage was situated on the edge of a moor, and the merlin had nested only about 600 yds. away. On our way across the moor the merlin called once or twice beneath us, and, hearing the bird for the first time, it seemed to me that its note was quite different to that of the kestrel or sparrow-hawk, being more of a "cheep" than a whistle. The nest was situated among long heather, at the edge of a large stone; but, unfortunately, the heavy rain of the day before had apparently made the bird desert, as the eggs were found lying far apart and half-buried in the nest—in fact, at first we supposed that one egg had been washed away, as there were, to all appearances, but three in the nest, and the fourth was found only after diligent scraping and searching. The nest was composed of heather shoots, dried grass and moss, and a few feathers from the parent bird were lying about. The exposure was an easterly one, and gave a very wide outlook. Apparently the close proximity of a hawk had no disturbing effects on the other birds on the hillside, as ring-ousels and meadow-pipits were quite numerous near the nest.

HABITS OF THE OYSTER-CATCHER.

It has struck me as rather curious that, whereas on the West Coast of Scotland these birds nest at the seaside, on the East they almost, if not quite, always ascend the rivers for the nesting season. Of course, on the west side, especially in Skye and the surrounding islands, the rivers are not so numerous or large; but this notwithstanding, it seems rather strange why the oyster-catchers on the shores of the North Sea should migrate inland at the first signs of spring. In Aberdeenshire they are met with in large numbers on all suitable rivers and burns, and their nesting range varies from a few miles inland to the most remote glens of the uplands, where I have noted them at a height of quite 1,500 ft. Apparently they ascend the rivers after pairing, but some seem to take the journey in easy stages, while others fly to the nesting-ground, perhaps sixty miles away, without resting. Should frost and snow return after they have gained their nesting-grounds, large numbers succumb, which seems rather a curious fact if it is the case that they feed largely on crustaceans and small river insects. I think, however, that at their inland haunts their food consists largely of worms, and, at all events, I have repeatedly seen a parent bird flying to her young with a huge worm hanging from her bill and, notwithstanding this, uttering her call-note quite clearly. This year nearly all the first layings were destroyed by the May spate, and, consequently, the young from the second broods have been late in maturing. On July 20th I noted one still a long way short of being full-fledged, and yet on visiting the nesting-grounds on August 1st not a single oyster-catcher, young or old, remained! I saw one nest last June which had an extraordinary escape from the flood, as the high-water mark was not more than 1 in. from the nest, and one can imagine the anxiety of the parent bird as she saw her eggs almost carried off by the spate. I have noted that the oyster-catchers, when they first leave the nesting-grounds, are absent only a day or two, then most return and by degrees they descend to the coast. The latest date I have ever seen them inland was on September 20th; but, on the other hand, many have established themselves at the coast before the end of July.

SOME MOUNTAIN PLANTS AND TREES.

In the course of many wanderings on the mountains one meets with a good many unusual plants, but as, unfortunately, I am not a botanist, I only know the names of some of the better-known varieties. A plant very commonly met with is the avern (*Rubus chamaemorus*)—the badge of the Auchintoul Gordons—which flourishes from about 1,000 ft. to 3,500 ft. above sea-level. The flower usually blooms in late May or June, and the berry

ripens during the following month. It is not unlike the raspberry in shape and colour, but of course the plant is totally different, being only about 4 in. high. The flowers are very tender, and this season nearly all have been frosted, so that very few have come to maturity. The plant seems to flourish best in rather boggy soil, and in places grows very abundantly. This year I have tried the experiment of bringing some plants down to the low grounds, and up to the present they are in quite a thriving condition. In former years the pine forests used to extend to a much higher elevation than is now the case, and roots are found in bogs at a height of quite 3,000 ft. I have seen a young fir growing about 2,700 ft. above sea-level, but this is very exceptional. The extreme range of the birch is about 2,000 ft., and this year the trees growing at this altitude were not in full leaf by mid-July. The



THE SOBBING WAVES.

mountain ash is another tree which one meets with high up among the hills, and lately I saw one growing above Loch Avon, in the Cairngorms, at a height of about 2,600 ft. There was not another tree of any description within miles, so evidently the seed had been dropped there by some bird.

COUNTRY NOTES.

This season all birds have been singing exceptionally late. Last year, thrush, blackbird and willow-warbler had ceased singing by about the end of June, but this year the thrush and willow-warbler were both in song till July 16th, and the blackbird till July 18th, while the yellow-hammer and corn-bunting were still in song at the end of the month. As a rule, the willow-warbler is quiet for a month, and recommences his song at the

beginning of August; but this year, although he sang for a fortnight later than usual, he has recommenced his song—half heartedly it is true—at the date of writing (August 3rd). A great many meadow-pipits, or heather-linties as they are known in this part of the country, still have young, and also a few of the sandpipers, although in an ordinary season they should be on the point of migrating South by this date. SKTON P. GORDON.

FROM THE FARMS.

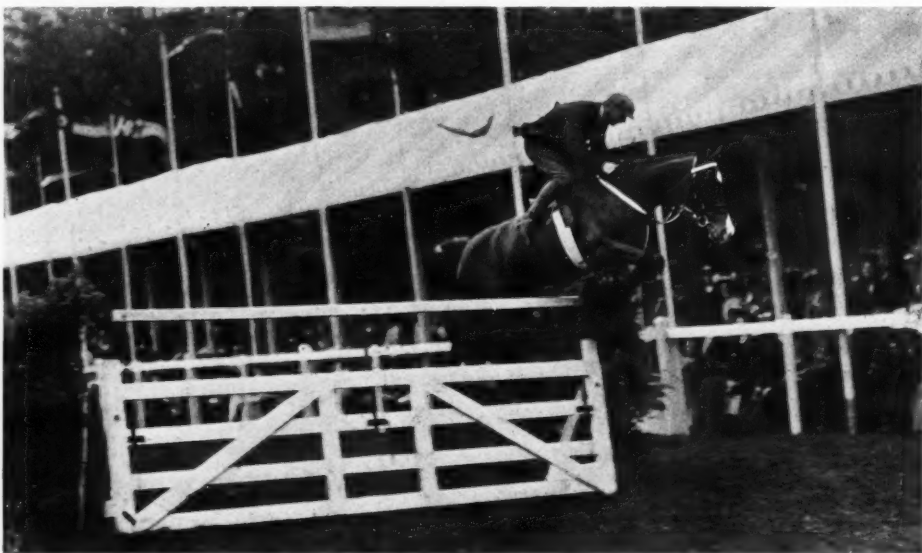
TRING SHOW.

ANTIQUITY is beginning to shed its glory over Tring Agricultural Show, the last held being the sixty-eighth of the series. Never was it more popular than to-day. Roads and railways around Tring on August 7th seemed to suggest, by the numbers of people making their way to the ground in carriage or motor, on bicycles and on foot, that the occurrence of the exhibition is regarded as a general holiday. The spectators are very mixed in quality; some bear obvious traces of the town, and illustrate the advantage that the show possesses in being held near London. Others wear the obvious country faces that are to be seen any day in the lanes of Buckingham and Hertfordshire. The organisers of the show always provide well for their amusement. It is no mere dull exhibition of huge cattle and horses, but there is always something going on in the show-ground, either horse jumping, in the ring, sheepdog trials in the space set aside for that purpose, sheep-shearing competitions, butter-making competitions, or some other active display. Only on one point does the show threaten to narrow down a little. This is in the display of cattle. Practically only two breeds are represented—shorthorns and Channel Islanders, including in the latter a vast number of Jerseys and a few Guernseys. A little more variety here would be very welcome, especially as neither of these breeds is for the labouring man. For some reason or other the once-popular Ayrshire has gone out of fashion, although an Ayrshire cow is more likely to suit the requirements of a small holder than either a shorthorn or a Jersey, the first being too large for his purpose, and the second failing to give a sufficiently large quantity of milk. It is a pity, too, that the exhibition of Kerry and Dexter cattle does not receive more encouragement. In the horse sections there is far more variety, as they include Hackneys and hunters, as well as magnificent specimens of the cart-horse. The hunters, as might be expected in the centre of a hunting country, were very good, and many must have envied the fortunate owner the possession of Bouncing Girl, whose performances over the fences delighted the crowd. At the same time, those fences did not look very difficult, and, as a matter of fact, every horse that tried could jump them before the gate was heightened. The riding of the boys and girls was very entertaining, although only one or two of the competitors showed evidence of sound training. The majority jumped up and down as if they had not yet found their seat. However, the most important feature of the Tring

Show is not connected with the horses, but with the cows. Under the careful superintendence of Mr. Ernest Matthews and Mr. Richardson Carr the butter tests and milking trials had developed enormously, with the result that it has almost become a proverb to say that you cannot get a pound of bad butter within four miles of Tring. The sheep classes also proved increasingly attractive, and so were those devoted to pigs.

A TWELVE MONTHS' LAYING COMPETITION.

At last a twelve months' laying competition is to be held in this country under the auspices of the Utility Poultry Club, beginning on October 1st next. Laying competitions are, of course, familiar to poultry-keepers, the Utility Poultry Club having held a winter competition—that is to say, one lasting sixteen weeks—annually for the last ten years or so; but hitherto lack of funds has prevented the club from holding a longer and more severe test of a hen's laying capabilities. In America several have been held, and in Australia—thanks to a daily paper



J. T. Newman.

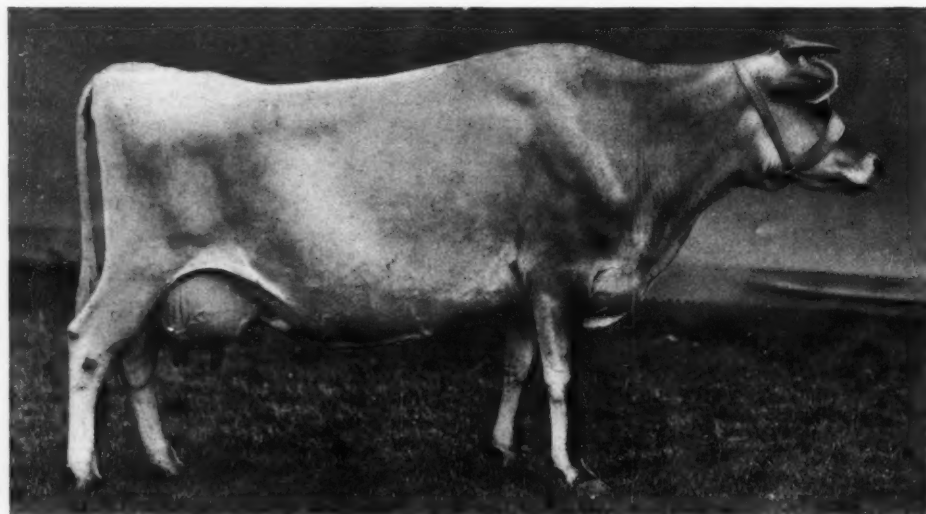
BOUNCING GIRL

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which financed the affair—two or three, so it is full time we followed the lead of our over-sea rivals. The scene of the competition is to be Roynce in Essex, where the last winter test was held, and Mr. E. W. Richardson, the hon. secretary of the club, will be manager. Each pen is to consist of six pullets, and the entrance fee is £6, which sounds stiff; but the cost of management will, of course, be heavy, and as it is the club expect to lose £50 over the competition. But competitors will be allowed to mate their pens from January 1st to the end of April and to buy their eggs at current prices, thus obviating the loss of a valuable breeding season, while it is evident that stock from the winning pens will be worth high prices in the autumn of next year when the awards are published. The locale is hardly ideal. It is true on our last visit the country was in a water-logged condition; but the soil appeared heavy, and a flat wind-swept grass field, the scene of the winter test, is not a place to encourage egg production. However, there will be all the more credit for the pens which do well. One result of the competition, assuming the improvement in egg records of late years is maintained, will be the establishment of 200 egg records in this country. The leading pens may be expected to reach this total, judging by the results of the Australian and American competitions. Another interesting point will be whether over the longer period sitting breeds or non-sitting breeds will do best. In the shorter competitions honours have been pretty fairly divided.

THE HARVEST.

Reaping has at length begun in several parts of the country, but the harvest promises to be a very irregular one, as grain crops are ripening in a curiously diverse manner. Adjoining fields may be seen, one of which is ripe for cutting and another still quite green, so that it is doubtful if the work of reaping can be carried on continuously. Our remarks refer, of course, to the Southern Counties. In the North the prospects of harvest are still distant; indeed, the hay harvest is still going on, and on some farms the



J. T. Newman.

WENCH: A GOLD MEDALLIST AT TRING.

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gathering of the hay will certainly not be accomplished before the end of August, even if quantities have not to be left out altogether to rot in the autumn. The quality of the harvest continues to puzzle the most acute observers. We hear, on one hand, that in spite of the cold and moisture the results are likely to be much better than was anticipated; on the other, that the huge array of straw points to nothing exceptional unless it be exceptionally bad results in the yield of grain.

PIG-REARING IN CUMBERLAND.

The agricultural correspondent of one of our morning contemporaries has been expressing his regret that pig-keeping is rapidly going out of fashion in the Northern Counties, especially in Cumberland. He says that it has become quite common to see empty pig-sties at the farms, and the figures of the Board of Agriculture amply bear out this statement. During the last ten years pigs have decreased in number in this one county alone to the extent of nearly 5,000. Last year the lowest record was achieved. The correspondent in question asks in bewilderment why this should occur, with pork at 7s. 9d. a stone and bacon 10s. a stone wholesale? Probably, however, the explanation is not so difficult to give. Pig-rearing wherever feeding-stuffs have to be bought is uneconomical. It is, on the other hand, an extremely successful kind of husbandry, if the circumstances are such that there is a great amount of

waste produce to be consumed. A market gardener, for instance, on a large scale could often keep two or three pigs on the refuse of his holding, and where there are butter factories the pig is a most excellent machine for converting butter-milk into ham. Cumberland is not well placed for dairy-work, and this, it may be, is the reason why pig-keeping as an industry is declining within its borders.

AUTUMN SHIRE SALES.

A number of very interesting auctions will be held in the autumn, of which the most important will be that of the stud of Mr. R. W. Hudson of Danesfield. After being a generous supporter of the breed for a number of years he is giving up breeding, and the whole of his stud is to be disposed of. It consists of thirty-five animals, and it will be most interesting to notice how the prices received compare with those which were paid, as Mr. Hudson has invariably gone on the principle of having the best that money could buy. Another interesting sale will be that of Mr. L. Salomon's stud at Norbury Park. Mr. Salomon, during the last few years, has purchased with judgment and bred with success. He is disposing only of his surplus stock, but the catalogue will contain the names of many well-known and valuable animals. Other studs to be disposed of are those of Mr. Rogers of Buckingham, and Mr. Oakley's at Dewstow, Chepstow.

SHOOTING.

THE TWELFTH.

THE worst possible verdict must be returned in regard to the shooting on the opening day of the grouse season. Our anticipations, as set forth in these pages, were more than fulfilled, and there was a kind of dramatic fitness in the fact that one of the worst seasons on record produced a wet and stormy Twelfth. It was so rainy and wild on many of the Northern moors that the shooters did not go out at all. The reports are monotonously unfavourable. In Scotland the experience of sportsmen was properly described as miserable. It is stated that during the nesting season the weather was the worst conceivable. A storm hung about the hills during the whole of the time the mother birds ought to have been brooding their eggs and rearing their young. The result is that in many places the coveys consist only of four or five birds, while in others the second brood came so late that they will not be ready for the gun for some weeks yet. This state of things was reflected in the poulterers' shops, where birds seldom have been so small in size and so few in quantity, while the price is correspondingly large. In Yorkshire the day opened cloudy and windy, but cleared up later. The Prince of Wales and a party, making seven guns in all, shot over Hazlewood Moor, near Bolton Abbey, where His Royal Highness is staying as the guest of the Duke of Devonshire. They made a fair bag, and will probably have some decent shooting during the rest of their stay. Some sport is reported also from the Wensleydale Moors in North Yorkshire, and the famous Askrigg Moors are fairly well stocked. Lord Masham, however, had an unsatisfactory opening day, the sport falling below the average of recent years. In the North-East of Yorkshire the grouse are so backward that the owners have decided to let them rest in the meantime. Stormy weather attended the opening day in Derbyshire, and the prospect of shooting is the reverse of favourable, though the birds have not suffered here so much as in the North of Scotland. Round about Matlock the worst forecasts were justified, in many districts the sport being described as bad beyond comparison. Dull and unsettled weather marked the opening day in North Wales. Here the birds did not seem to have suffered quite so much as they have done in Scotland. In that country itself there was heavy rain on a majority of the moors in the early part of the day, and some of them were so swampy as to be impassable. The moors in Upper Speyside are reported to be in a most wretched condition, and many of the owners of moors have determined not to shoot for some time in order to give the birds a chance. In Eskdale the conditions were as bad as could possibly be imagined, so that in many cases the parties did not go out at all. On other estates a few birds were shot for the table, but the general conclusion is

that there has not been a worse season since 1884. The only redeeming feature is that very few cases of disease have been mentioned. The birds, despite their bad breeding season, are in a fairly healthy condition, though those that have come to hand are described as being small and meagre.

Obviously, those who desire to have good shooting next year will need to exercise a certain amount of self-denial and give their



W. A. Rouch.

ONE DOWN!

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birds a rest during the present year. Even if that be done, there will not be a large surplus for breeding purposes, for we have to remember that in all wild birds there is a natural diminution in addition to that due to the exigencies of sport. Every spring the wild bird population is multiplied by two or three, yet when winter comes the stock generally remains exactly what it was the winter before, even where there was no wholesale destruction by man. The reason, of course, is that everything feathered has natural enemies, furred and feathered, and no grouse moor is entirely without them. The keepers may trap and shoot vermin with the utmost vigilance and industry; and yet there will be enough left to exact a heavy toll of the grouse in their charge. Then accident and disease—we do not refer particularly to grouse disease, but to disease in the widest sense of the term—attack wild birds just as readily as they do those in captivity. A great deal of nonsense is sometimes written and spoken about the health of birds and beasts that are allowed perfect freedom; but whoever has attentively examined the specimens shot or caught is well aware that the wild things differ as much in physique as do the tame, and they are probably as much, if not more, subject to the ills attacking all things mortal. At all events, there cannot be two opinions as to the wisdom of refraining to a great extent from shooting during a season like the present. It is the only possible way to ensure a satisfactory show of birds for the future. Unfortunately, we cannot hold out any hope that the

goodness of the partridge-shooting will atone for the lack of grouse. The manor is likely this year to show results as bad as the moor.

PARTRIDGE PROSPECTS IN EAST ANGLIA.

By F. E. R. FRYER.

HAVING been asked to give my opinion on the prospects of partridge-shooting during the coming season, I am doing so somewhat reluctantly, as I fear that the weather during this breeding season has made it more than ever difficult to give a satisfactory forecast, and anything I can say at the present time must be more or less in the form of a prophecy; even then a "prophet in his own country," we are told, is not thought of much account. Up to the hatching-time there was not much to complain of, as, although the month of May and the beginning of June were cold and brought with them a number of showery days, there was not enough wet to drive the birds from their nests except in a few isolated cases, and the thick growth in the hedges prevented, to a certain extent, the usual depredations of the rooks; unfortunately, this growth, both in the fences and fields, has been very detrimental to the young birds when hatched out. I may say I have heard scarcely any complaint on this score, *i.e.*, hatching out, but as the long grass and corn were always wet and the nights unseasonably cold, there is little doubt that very many of the young birds succumbed shortly after being hatched; there was only one saving clause, and that was that there was any amount of food to be found close at hand. The moist weather had caused the ants to work on the surface, almost amounting to a plague in some places, and the young partridges could get a sufficiency of food without being dragged far by their parents through the wet herbage.

These conditions prevailed more or less, with frequent night frosts, till, I think, Saturday, June 29th, when there was a heavy thunder-storm in some parts of Norfolk and Suffolk. This storm did not affect East Suffolk, and it had more or less spent itself before reaching that fine stretch of partridge ground lying between Thetford and Newmarket. In East Suffolk, which includes all the sandy land lying between the Great Eastern main line to Yarmouth and the sea, and the well-known partridge estates of Rendlesham and Orwell, the prospects up to this were quite fair; but unfortunately on July 10th it was the turn of this part of the county to be visited with a heavy thunder-storm, which lasted nearly the whole day. The worst part of it was the cold of the succeeding night, and I am told that next day whole coveys of big birds were picked up dead. Curiously enough the later hatched ones came off the best, no doubt from their parents being able to give them more shelter. This storm luckily did not go far inland, and did not affect the Newmarket or Thetford districts; and it is in this part of East Anglia that my hopes of anything approaching a fair year are founded. In North Norfolk I hear very poor accounts on all sides, but until the corn is cut—and harvest, owing to lack of sunshine, will be abnormally late this year—it is very hard to tell how things may turn out. To sum up these remarks shortly, there is no doubt it cannot, owing to wet and cold, be a really good year in any district of the Eastern Counties; there is no chance for even half a crop except on the best light lands, and portions of these have been seriously affected by the two storms I have mentioned; but in the parts of the country already indicated, I think when harvest is over quite a fair

quantity of young birds will be found, and I may say that in my experience I have never known in a wet summer much damage done by that fatal disease which so often in a dry year, such as 1906, overtakes partridges about the middle of this month, so I think nothing worse is likely to happen before the shooting season arrives.

PARTRIDGES DYING IN AUGUST AND SEPTEMBER.

IT is more than likely that the numerous deaths of adult partridges in August and early September (besides those which are due to gun-shot in the latter month) may be occasioned by a cause which has not yet been much appreciated. At that time of year the breasts of both the male and the female partridge are often to be found much denuded of feathers, presumably owing to long and close sitting on eggs (for the cock takes his share with the hen in this work). It is only reasonable to think that when they are thus stripped of much of their natural covering the chests of the birds become very liable to attack by the cold of the early frosts; and, as a matter of fact, we have heard recently of partridges which have been thus found dead last autumn, and sent for examination by a skilled pathologist, being discovered to have their lungs affected to such a degree as to leave little doubt that disease of those organs and not, as has been more often thought, of the stomach or liver was the real cause of their death. It is significant also that the adult birds appear to suffer at this time, either exclusively, or, at least, to a much greater extent than the birds of the year, which would, of course, not have lost feathers by sitting. It is apparent from Mr. Fryer's report on the birds, which is given above, that though the season has not been at all favourable to them generally in the Eastern Counties (and from reports over more extended areas it seems that what he says of East Anglia holds good for the partridge lands of Great Britain as a whole), it has been of a nature to avert certain of the ills which often fall to their lot. This particular source of danger, however, if it be correctly traced to the denuding of the chest of feathers, cannot be reckoned among those which are likely to be absent if the year continues to maintain its present cold and wet character.

CONDITIONS OF RED DEER IN SCOTLAND AND ON THE CONTINENT.

In discussing the disproportionate numbers of red deer hinds now on the Scottish forests, and their probable effect on the general stock, a point which is often overlooked is the effect of such numbers on the size of the harems collected by the stags, and the consequent further effect on the welfare of Scotch deer. If we compare the conditions prevailing in Scotland and in Transylvania, let us say, we find the Scotch deer to be packed into an area which is not expected to support, or which certainly does not support, a tithe of the number found in the Hungarian forest. There the deer are scattered over a great extent, wherein perhaps lies the excuse for the local custom, which British sportsmen so unhesitatingly condemn, possibly without giving due consideration to local conditions, of shooting the stags while on the rut. It is likely that the labour of getting near them when scattered so widely, by processes of stalking as we understand it, would be too severe. However that may be, one effect of the comparative paucity of the deer is that each stag has to be content with a very much smaller number of wives than is the privilege of the monarch of the Scottish glen. Probably it is better for the race that it should be so, and therein we see an argument the more for the contention often put forward, but never sufficiently followed in practice, of a vigorous killing down of hinds. Probably we shall hear less this year than usual of the deterioration of the Highland red deer, for while the prospects of the other game animals are not very bright, it is reported that the stalker of stags is likely to have something like a record season. There are really very few still left who have any doubt that the killing down of the hinds benefits the forests of Scotland, and the idea is gaining ground that not only more of the hinds, but also many of the weaklings of the stags, ought to be shot off whenever there is opportunity. The law allows owners of forests liberty to exercise their judgment in this respect with a freedom it does not give in regard to other animals which are subject to the Game Laws.

[FURTHER NOTES ON SHOOTING WILL BE FOUND ON OUR LATER PAGES.]

ON THE GREEN.

THE CALCUTTA CUP TOURNAMENT.

A CERTAIN school of golfers seem to think that our Royal and Ancient St. Andrews, that city of the grey towers, does not move fast enough with changing modern times. They would not say so, perhaps, if they could see the change that has passed over her golfing face during even the comparatively few years that I have been familiar with it. When I went to St. Andrews first such a thing as a handicap competition was unknown there. Not only so, but there was not even a sweepstake on the medal day. "Away back," before this again, there used to be a sweepstake, but it was discontinued on grounds which would sound strangely now—that it encouraged bad players to take part in the medal competition. Those were the aristocratic days of the game, when the aristocracy of golfing talent ruled, and the voice of the duffer was not heard in the land. Now, as a golfing friend and advocate for all manner of reforms observes to me repeatedly, we live in a democratic age, and the duffer often talks louder than the scratch player. The first change which passed over the golfing face of St. Andrews was the reintroduction of the sweepstakes, implying, of course, the reintroduction of the handicap. There followed a further recognition of the general

interest of play under handicap by the acceptance by the Royal and Ancient Club of the cup called the Calcutta Cup, presented by the Calcutta Golf Club, which has the singular honour of being the oldest golf club in the world, except the Blackheath Club, south of the Tweed. This cup is competed for under tournament conditions, and in the year of Queen Victoria's Jubilee another cup was given and competed for under similar conditions, except that the handicap was at first by holes given instead of strokes. That condition is now altered, so that both these tournaments are played in identical fashion, except that of late years it has become the custom, for the sake of the change and of resting the old green, to play the Calcutta Cup tournament on the new course, and last week all St. Andrews was competing in this tournament or following the fortunes of those who did.

Mr. Norman Hunter was complimented with the heaviest penalty handicap of three strokes, Mr. Mansfield Hunter, Mr. Shaw, Mr. W. E. Fairlie and Mr. J. L. Low were at plus two each, and the mischance of the draw brought the two last named together in the first heat. A close match resulted in Mr. Low's victory by a single hole, but in the very next round he went down to Colonel Berkeley, who had a long handicap of thirteen,

Colonel Berkeley had already beaten Mr. Mansfield Hunter in the morning, so he collected two fine scalps on the very first day of the tournament. By the end of the fourth round the position was rather an interesting one. All the really long-handicapped men were out of it. Mr. Sellar, in the third round, had beaten Colonel Berkeley, but fell himself to Mr. Walter Blackwell in the afternoon. Mr. D. O. W. Lamb, with six, was the longest-handicapped man surviving when the fourth heat was finished. He had beaten Mr. Norman Hunter quite easily in the morning, but in the afternoon only just scraped through with a hard half against Mr. Shaw, who, as stated, had a penalty handicap of two. By the rules of this competition both players in a halved match survive into the next heat. The other survivors were: Mr. Ferrier-Kerr at scratch, Mr. J. R. Hutchison with three, and Mr. P. N. Boase with four. Mr. Walter Blackwell's handicap was plus one. All the fifth round matches were interesting. Mr. Blackwell, after being three down, beat Mr. Ferrier-Kerr by a hole; Mr. Hutchison beat Mr. Boase by three and one; and Mr. Lamb, replaying the match against Mr. Shaw, won on the last green by two. In the semi-final he had a bye, and Mr. Hutchison met and beat Mr. Blackwell. The match was a good one, but the winner looked like "upper dog" most of the way, and finally won by three and one to play. The conclusion of the whole matter on the morrow was that Mr. Lamb beat Mr. Hutchison by two up and one to play, and so gained the cup. Like most of the matches in the tournament, this encounter was close and well fought, and though it may be that Mr. Lamb had on the whole the advantage most of the way, it might yet have been surmised that in so keen a struggle, at the very final stage of the long-drawn-out excitement, the greater experience of the older player would have brought him in the winner at the finish. Mr. Hutchison is an old hand at the game, father of Captain Cecil Hutchison, one of the very best of our present amateurs; but Mr. Lamb kept his head admirably, and won as said. It must have been a great satisfaction to Mr. David Lamb, who scratched to the winner in one of the early heats, that this generous self-effacement had its reward in the ultimate victory of the young player, whom he thus let go by him without opposition. The winner is a scion of a great golfing family, for, to say nothing of the prowess of Mr. David Lamb himself, Mr. Henry Lamb, brother of the last named, was one of the finest golfers of his time, a great pioneer of English golf in its early days, and survived to the final heat of the first amateur championship meeting ever held. The result of the tournament, as a whole, bears testimony to very good handicapping. In a field which included players of very different capacities no one class of player and no one individual player seemed to have been unduly favoured, and no one class seemed to have been unduly penalised. If the whole competition had to be played again on the same terms, one would not know whether to seek the probable winner among the penalised, the moderately or the liberally handicapped players; and that, as it must appear to everyone, is the best possible evidence of the justice of the odds.

MR. BALL WINNING AT HOYLAKES.

THERE were a great number of competitions at the August Bank Holiday time. No doubt the most interesting result was the amateur champion's win at Hoylake with a score of 80, at which he was closely followed by Mr. Weaver, who caused some little sensation at the amateur championship meeting at St. Andrews by knocking out Mr. Maxwell. It is not often at this time of year that courses, especially those of the inland character, are in such good order as they are this year, but they have been excellently served by the continual wet, though it has not suited the golfer's constitution quite as well. There were high winds about the date of these last competitions, and no remarkable scores seem to have been returned. Even Mr. Ball's 80 at Hoylake was not as low as the average winning score for the Royal Liverpool Club's medals. On the principle that much shall be given to him who makes good use of his talents, and to signalise a series of successes which is likely to be without parallel in the lifetime of any of us, the club is getting up a testimonial for presentation to Mr. Ball in honour of his sixth win of the amateur championship.

ENLARGEMENT OF ST. GEORGE'S CLUB-HOUSE.

It has been definitely decided—passed at a general meeting of the club, so that only the details of the scheme remain to be determined—that the Royal St. George's Golf Club shall spend a sufficient sum of money to make its club-house really comfortable and substantial. The motto of the club for many years in regard to all such matters seems to have been *festina lente*—a sound golfing principle which has been well translated "don't press"—and no one is likely to say that this decision has been reached with undue haste or without adequate discussion. Probably by the time of the next amateur championship meeting, which falls by rotation to the lot of the Sandwich course next year, we shall see these alterations, additions and improvements accomplished facts, and may hope to be the better for them in the greater comfort and space of the accommodation.

NEGOTIATIONS BETWEEN MASSEY AND BRAID.

A hitch, which we must hope to be only temporary, and a matter of easy and early arrangement, seems to have occurred in the negotiations for a money match between Braid and Massey, to which the golfing world looks forward with, perhaps, more interest than to any other event in its immediate

outlook. Braid appears to have suggested, as two neutral greens, St. Andrews and Deal for the arena of the match; and no one who knows them will question their fitness for so great an occasion. Both give a fine test of golf. Massey, as it seems, has responded with proposing Hoylake and North Berwick instead. To Hoylake Braid takes no exception. Massey won his championship at Hoylake, but Braid has won there also, and no one is likely to deny the claims of Hoylake as a grand test of the game. But North Berwick, besides not standing on quite the same footing as a course, is much better known to Massey, who has been in the habit of residing there for some months of each recent year in the summer and autumn, than it is to Braid. It is just a little catchy, too, so that intimate local knowledge goes for a good deal. Certainly it hardly comes within the category of "neutral." In all the interests of good sport and equity it is to be hoped that Massey will see his way to yield on this point, and accept Braid's suggestion of St. Andrews as one of the greens for the decision of this fine match, whatever the arrangement may be as to the other.

HORACE HUTCHINSON.

THE CONSOLATIONS OF GOLF.

THERE are few among those who have driven a ball from the tee, either to-day or in the fast receding past of yesterdays, who have not in some degree "supped with sorrow." Unless among the youngest of our golfing recruits, whose foot-tread has hardly as yet approached the threshold of the wide open door that gives access to the varied and sometimes sombre activities of the working life, the majority of us have occasionally stumbled or slid a little down the slippery declivity overhung with the shadow of the sad cypress boughs. Cares, worries and sadness are the penalties exacted, even by unexampled prosperity, in waging the battle of life:

Care keeps his watch in every old man's eye,
And, where care lodges, sleep will never lie.

And if it be true that this is the burden that must be borne sometimes by the sunny-hearted golfer, it is equally true that each and all hurry forward in quest of consolation. The palliative for the mental unrest is often found in literature, occasionally in the exercises of religion; but perhaps more often than not in the hard athletic exercises of outdoor life.

This attractive, consolatory side of golf must have presented itself very often to all classes of players among young and old. In giving repose to the entire mental and moral being, in imparting tone and elasticity to the distracted nerves, there is no more wholesome influence procurable than the life on the links. That point has not been put more tersely than it has been by Mr. Birrell, the Chief Secretary for Ireland, in the course of an address to a North of England Literary Association. The Liberal statesman laid just stress as the need of the day upon the healthy exercise of mind and body, and said that there was a good deal of nonsense talked and written about the consolations of literature and the ministry of books. At the most literature was but a drug of pain, and by no means a very effective drug. The sorrowful man would carry his sorrows with him as much into his library as into his counting-house, and he would find it as hard to forget them in the one place as in the other. Every-one knows by experience how difficult it is to keep the attention from wandering off the message of the printed page of a book when the reader is making an attempt to minister consolation to a jaded mind and to distract it from unhealthy concentration upon an ever-present sorrow. The words of the printed page may be read by the eye, but they make no impress upon the memory, neither do they keep the mind from going mechanically through the duplicated task of reading about one subject with the eye and thinking of personal cares and worries with a wholly undivided energy. It was the consideration of this well-known absorption of the mind in the personal care that weighed heaviest upon it that led Mr. Birrell to declare his conviction that, though he was an exceedingly bad player, a good game of golf, "if he had only any luck in his drives and any happiness in his putts," would be far more likely to make him forget for a while the sorrows which upset him than even his most favoured author, although he loved many of these authors not far short of this side of idolatry.

Every golfer who has tried the experiment in his own person, or who has been privileged to listen to the confessions of others, knows this golfing dictum of the author of "Obiter Dicta" to be demonstrably true. It appears to be a curious psychological fact about golf that in order to play the game reasonably well the mind must be as much as is practically possible emptied of all its pre-existing contents. For the time being the game assumes the character of a golfing cuckoo. It empties the mental nest of all its hatched or unhatched brood, and covers, with a soothing and sympathetic wing of forgetfulness, all the turbulent desolation of worry and care lying beneath. It is in this exacting tyrannical possession of the mind that golf finds its greatest and most attractive charm. It will not share territory with any other usurping tyrant, for, even if the requisite skill be taken for granted, a reasonable standard of excellence only may be secured by a player when his entire faculties are used in making the ball subserve the purposes of the club. Golf, indeed, as a beneficent minister of the permanent virtues of consolation, is more

efficacious than reading or any other form of intellectual distraction. It chases away the black and midnight hags that oppress the spirit, gives sorrow breathing-time, applies the oblivious antidote that is so often sought for unavailingly, whispers the word of hope across the "o'erfraught heart," and does effectually "pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow and razes out the written troubles of the brain." A. J. ROBERTSON.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE GOVERNMENT OF ST. ANDREWS.

SIR,—Mr. F. R. Burrow, in his interesting letter in your last week's number, advocated the adoption of a universal rule that the ball must be played where it lies or the hole given up. If the Midland Association, of which Mr. Burrow is so prominent a member, would only adopt his admirable suggestion, they would earn the gratitude of all golfers, not only for helping on the return of the game to a simpler and more dignified form, but also for putting an end to the agitation for any further unions or associations whatever. For it is really this question of rules, and that only, that is the rather illogical cause of the present discontent. What is the material part of the indictment against the Royal and Ancient Club? Is it that they do not shorten and simplify the present code? or is it that they refuse to answer every absurd conundrum—set them, perhaps, by some litigious person whose ball has got into a pigsty or a holly bush under a combination of circumstances only likely to arise once in a century? The agitators cannot eat their cake and have it. To make a shorter code of laws, which shall still embody an increasing body of minute distinctions and decisions, would tax the powers of the most revolutionary and representative of unions. Let us sweep away, then, all these petty and trifling rules that enable us to take refuge in lifting and dropping, and lift our ball only when we mean to give up the hole. I fully believe that, if Mr. Burrow's rule were adopted, the most violent of agitators would soon be playing golf with brow uncrowned even by finding their ball in the most unplayable of hedges. I disregard the alternative in the shape of a rule providing for universal lifting under a fixed penalty, because I do not believe that any golfer worthy the name would countenance such a thing for an instant—that is to say, in match play, which Mr. Burrow rightly describes as "the game of golf." Let us only play the ball where it lies; there will be no need for a Golf Union and the task of the Rules Committee will be almost a sinecure. After all, the revolution would not be so startling as it appears. The Rules of Golf,

as laid down by the Royal and Ancient Club, deal with lifting out of water only. It is not water but a variety of other hazards which gives rise to the endless bickering as to lifting the ball, and the endless local rules which are the real mischief-makers. Leave, if you like, the water rule as it is, and sweep away the confusing and contradictory mass of local legislation as to hedges, trees, walls, *et hoc genus omne*. We should not be playing exactly Mr. Burrow's rule, but we should be surprisingly near to doing so. Best of all reforms, then, let the Royal and Ancient pass a rule that in match play the ball must be played where it lies. Failing that, let every local committee resolutely determine to play the Rules of Golf pure and simple, and decline to overlay them with local rules under any pretence whatever. No doubt one would be irritated at the time on finding one's ball unplayable; but on thinking it over dispassionately afterwards one would surely feel a certain compensating self-respect in having borne the "bludgeonings of chance" unflinchingly. It is impossible to have any code which shall mete out punishment with perfect equity. No one has had the hardihood to advocate that the umpire should give a batsman out for a bad stroke which there was no fieldsman to catch, or that a player having the misfortune to be caught from a magnificent hit in the deep field should not be out, but have ten runs deducted from his score. If there was such a person he would be on the same intellectual level as those who want a universal lifting and dropping rule. If we could but have the great simplification of the game advocated by Mr. Burrow and preached for years by Mr. John Low, I am firmly convinced that the vague unrest and discontent of to-day would disappear like magic. For, putting aside this rule question, I can find no tangible complaint against the Royal and Ancient in the present correspondence, nor have I ever heard one put forward. It is urged that the club should take charge of the championships, but no one has said that the present management do not do their work well. If golf were a new game just now being introduced into this country, of course we should have a different constitution and some form of representative government. But golf is not new; the present state of things has grown up gradually and has worked fairly well. As Mr. Croome said in his letter, "we golfers have mighty few ills to complain of"; and what of the evil that we know not of with which we are threatened instead of the present state of things? The throes through which the Football Association is now passing do not encourage us to have any more golf politics than we can help; one is tempted to think that even representative government can do much to degrade and vulgarise a noble game. "Comme on est bête, quand on est beaucoup," said Georges Sand; I do not believe that a Golfing Association would go any great way to disprove the truth of that assertion.—BERNARD DARWIN.

SHELLS IN OUR RIVERS & DITCHES.

TO those who only love the country in "smiling spring" and summer I have nothing to say. Butterflies are only happy in sunshine. But those who will walk in drear cold autumn, aye, even in rain and storm, and still enjoy Nature, let them come in spirit at least with me. In autumn I find my treasures; only then dare I hunt for the dainty untenanted houses, free, "to let," which are a delight to possess, without fear of depriving any owner of his castle. In the thirst for knowledge there is ever the danger that one may become cruel, from thoughtlessness; "I would not number in my list of friends the man who heedlessly would set his foot upon a worm." Therefore, carefully examine each shell, before adding it to your collection, to ascertain that it is a derelict, and "not wanted"; do not be inconsiderate and cruel, even to a snail. Come, on an October day, down to the bottom of a mossy ditch with water, a small stream running slowly at the bottom, put one foot on each side—stretching like the Colossus at Rhodes—across the chasm, and look, "bright eyes," for the hidden interests near by. Then on an emerald cushion, a roundish object—what an admirable form!—with black bands running perfectly round the coil; this is the house of *Helix nemoralis*, now discarded and dry, and may be picked up and treasured, without fear of robbing the "master of the house," for he has changed his residence for a newer castle and retired for the winter. Near it will probably be found the whole-coloured shell, of a most delicate cameo pink, or pale sulphur yellow—the shell of *Helix hortensis*; at times even his house is all pure white. How convenient to change the colour of one's mansion by the food one eats! The large brown speckled and mottled palace of *Helix aspersa* is easy to see—the old "Hodman-Dod," of the country people; but look at it carefully, with great attention, for only the practised eye will discover on the brown shell a "patch," where the owner has had to do his own repairing, and finely indeed has he restored his shattered house. If past mending, he leaves it, and makes another mansion; but if it has only been cracked or bruised, he sets to work to ooze liquid gum out of his store (from whence also came the shell) and neatly welds the cracks together. Where the shattered part has been pieced together, the beautiful brown pattern is now irregular on the shell. The delicate *Helix cantiana* I found on a railway embankment. What a contrast in movement—the cantiana slowly and noiselessly creeping below, while the iron horse roars and rushes by his hermitage! The large white edible snail, *Helix pomatia*, was found in a wood near Colchester, a handsome smooth white castle, formerly always to be found where the Romans had their colonies, for they cultivated the dainty morsel as the French

do to this day. *Pomatia* is now rarely seen in Essex, and the "master" is hardly ever found alive, only his empty shell. In Kent he still flourishes, but an attempt to introduce living specimens into Suffolk has not been very successful. Now to the river to look for a perfect harvest of fine forms. To collect river shells with success go after heavy rains, and when the floods have dried up and the waters "being assuaged," look upon the grass fields, scratch in the drift wood, then, what a multitude of minute thin shells, more numerous than the sea shells, but how different their texture! The sea snail shells I have are exceeding thick and strong, whereas these river beauties are so fragile that they can be compared to nothing but tissue paper in fineness. Well may the sea snails, their relations, have houses with such stout walls that a hammer would be required to crack them, for have they not to bear the force and fret of the waves? Well, indeed, may they be substantial. Dear, fragile river specimens. The tiny spiral *Cochlicopa lubrica* is so minute, it is not larger than that summer insect the Apion, and others still smaller must be found with a magnifier. That flat round shell, the *Planorbis corneus*, is like a doll's-house rope coiled up, and the baby *Planorbis vortex* of the same shape, most minute, like a flat coil of cotton, and the medium-sized brother, *Planorbis umbilicatus*, in dimensions comes between these two. A spiral shell of a good size and very pointed tip, the *Limnæa stagnalis*, is most noticeable; but for lovely form and exquisite colouring, a creamy hue like the groundwork of a valuable Doulton vase, observe that queen of the fresh-water shells, the aristocratic *Limnæa auricularia*. The number of tiny shells the caddis fly envelope collects is a museum of study in itself. In my caddis fly's discarded home, on the empty tube, I count the shells of *Bithynia Leachii valvata piscinalis*, *Valvata cristata* and *Sphærium corneum*, all so small that the whole collection would easily rest on a threepenny bit! The "Titan among such minnows" is *Bithynia tentaculata*, in comparison with which a common house-fly would appear as a giant. *Tentaculata* is in shape very much like the ordinary sea whelk shell, and is sometimes found of a black hue. The delicate marking of reddish spots on *Pyramidula rotundata* and the fine brown lines of the *Pisidium amnicum* should be carefully noticed. Then the fresh-water limpet is a millet seed in size, *Ancylus fluviatilis*, and again the *Hygromia hispida* brings one back to the *Helix* shape of the shell and is variously named *Helix hispida* and *Helix concinna*. The easiest shell of all to find is the large bivalve, *Anodonta cygnea*, with its wonderful opal colouring inside; it is 3in. to 4in. long and 2in. across or even larger; often it is found in ponds and largely devoured by ducks—doubtless they consider it quite equal in flavour to our oyster! This shell

is often to be bought in shops, exposed for sale defaced by so-called pictures painted on its mother-of-pearl-like surface, the opalescent background being too tempting to the dilettante artist to resist.

Need I enumerate more of this host of inhabitants of the little world so seldom explored? In this glimpse of land and

fresh-water shells have I not said enough to prove that there is ample repayment for the lover of Nature who will take the trouble to go down into the ditches each side of the King's highway, and to the small country rivers and see the wonders to be found there.

CORRESPONDENCE.

RED-POLLS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—May I crave a little more of your valuable space to answer Mr. McConnell's interesting reply and comments on my previous letter. I am very glad that he agrees as to the improbability of any sort of shorthorn cross in the above breed; but I must own that as there is, as far as I am aware, no historical evidence of a Galloway-Suffolk Dun cross, I am inclined to accept the view of so well-known an authority as the late Professor Low on this point. This, however, does not affect my own assumption, which has contemporary evidence behind it. I have Marshall's "Rural Economy of Norfolk," 1787, before me, and in Vol I., page 325, he states clearly that "... there are several instances of the Norfolk breed" (small horned red cattle with white faces) "being crossed with these (Suffolk Dun) bulls. The consequence is an increase in size and an improvement in form," etc. I still think, therefore, that it is in the crossing of these two neighbouring breeds that we must look for the origin of the red-polls.—FREDERICK DULEEP SINGH.

CUCKOOS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I am interested in the photographs of the cuckoo and wagtails in a recent issue of COUNTRY LIFE, as I once watched for several days a pair of the same birds feeding a young cuckoo which had left the nest. He had taken up his quarters on a gravel path and moved about very little, keeping in the shade of the house. It was the ingenuity of the small parents which was so interesting. Being unable to reach the cuckoo's mouth from the ground, they always alighted on its back, when it threw back its head as far as possible and received the food, which was rammed into its gaping mouth from behind. I wonder if this method of feeding the young cuckoo has been noticed by anyone else.—E. M. CORBETT.

PALMS IN ENGLAND.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I send you a photograph which I think might possibly be of some interest for the "Correspondence" page. It is a *Chamaerops Fortunei* palm in full flower, and is at the present time growing in the open air in Bournemouth.—M. C. COTTAM.

[It is not often, except in the Southern Counties of England, that this palm flowers and grows so strongly as the specimen represented in the illustration. Palms have a distinct beauty out of doors, when the climate is kind to them, but generally speaking they are only for the decoration of the garden in summer.—ED.]

A HARD CASE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Your correspondent under the heading "A Hard Case" touches upon a very grave question for fruit-growers, for many gardens, private as well as for sale, have become of late years practically valueless through the ravages of the birds. Since they have been protected by law, blackbirds and thrushes have increased fourfold, and they are the chief offenders, spoiling far more fruit than they actually eat. Cherries and plums, apples and pears are all ruined by them. Raspberries, currants and strawberries it is easier to protect; but sound nets are an expensive item, and the birds become abnormally cunning in finding out weak places and creeping underneath. A hard winter would probably thin them, but one would wish them an easier death than starvation, and they should be shot or the nests taken in spring. The Wild Birds Protection Act has done good work, and it is delightful to see goldfinches and other beautiful and harmless birds increasing as they have done in late years; but if fruit-eating birds are allowed to increase further, Californian cans will soon furnish the only fruit to be found in country households.—SUSSEX HOUSEKEEPER.

MUCH-USED NESTS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Miss Williams has, I think, mistaken swallows for swifts, which would be most unlikely to build in a martin's nest. I have known martins adopt an old swallow's nest as the foundation of their own; and there is no reason why a swallow should not annex an old martin's nest, which had been broken down by sparrows, so as to offer a convenient shelf. If the chips of the shells have been preserved, there can be no question as to the bird's identity. I have seen house-sparrows, tree-sparrows, tits, wrens and humblebees occupying martin's nests. The house-sparrows, so far as I have observed, were the only burglars; the others merely found the houses empty and took possession, whereas the house-sparrows do not hesitate to evict half-grown martlets, whose parent's beak is but as a hairpin matched against the sparrow's pike. Often, alas! the sparrow's stout frame breaks two or three nests down before he can find one that suits him for a nursery.—C. B. R.

STORM GLASSES.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Referring to your correspondent's enquiry headed "A Curious Weather Glass" in your issue of July 27th, a full description of the composition, etc., of the contents of the storm or camphor glass, together with an explanation of its indications by the late Admiral Fitzroy, will be found in "Whitaker's Almanack," page 686. The glass in question can be obtained at most scientific instrument makers. I bought a storm glass some years ago at Messrs. Newton and Co.'s, 3, Fleet Street—the price, I believe, was 3s. 6d.—and have found the same to be a moderately accurate indicator of weather changes. At one time when I was in the country, I had an ordinary 2lb. jam jar (glass) half filled with water, inserting a Florence flask neck downwards, the water rising or falling in the neck of the flask (which I had previously marked off in divisions) according to the atmospheric pressure; this, of course, is rather a crude manner of forecasting the weather changes. Such a glass I have seen frequently in use in the country, and think possibly it may be of interest to your readers.—E. F. SNELL.

TRUFFLES AND TRUFFLE DOGS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In COUNTRY LIFE of August 3rd you say that it would be interesting to know whether any of your readers have knowledge of systematic truffle-hunting in this country. I shall be anxious to see whether you get any letters



on this subject, and to know whether anyone still breeds or possesses any of the little poodles you describe. For many years my father always had one or two of them, bred by a man who lived in or near Salisbury, and who, I believe, was at that time one of the principal breeders in England of the truffle dog. I am an old woman now, but have a vivid recollection of the joys of truffle-hunting with my father when we were children in the Bryanston Woods, Dorsetshire, with the little greyish white poodle, an iron spud and a leather bag. The latter had two pockets, one for the truffles, the other for the bits of cheese which were given to the dog to divert his attention as soon as he began to scratch at the roots of the beech tree. The truffles were then dug up with the spud. October and November were, I think, the best months. It is a great many years since I heard of anybody in England going truffle-hunting, or, at any rate, in this part of the country, but it was most amusing and interesting.—EMILY GODOLPHIN OSBORNE, Dorsetshire.

A PENN'ORTH O' PLANTS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I was interested in the short account of the flower-stalls in Farringdon Street in a recent issue. I fancy they are more widely known than the writer of the article imagines. I have often myself seen them, purchased various plants and noted the curious spelling of the flower names. Still, I do not think other commodities with queer names if displayed on the costers' stalls would fare any better. I have seen such words as "biscuits," "coffee," "almanacks," "marmalade" and "cyder" spelt in such a way as to raise a smile, while if the poor coster had to sell such things as lumps of macadam, broughams or mackintoshes, such articles would be equally puzzling to his unorthographical brain. The article in question depreciates some of the most beautiful and expressive of our plant names. I cannot hold with

those people who would do away with some of the finest names of the flowers in our gardens and hedge ows. Each name upon which the writer tries to throw ridicule has been bestowed for some excellent reason. For instance, *Verbena* is derived from a Celtic word conveying the name of a complaint which it is supposed to cure. Besides the interest of the name, the plant itself is one of the oldest associated with legend or history, whether Persian, Greek, Roman or British, for it was, with the mistletoe, one of the most sacred plants of the Druids. *Geranium* takes its name from the Greek *Geranos*—a crane—because the seed vessel (quite distinct to an ordinarily intelligent eye in the garden variety) is like the bill of a bird—in Greece the crane. Possibly we might see some likeness to an English bird's bill if we had to name it afresh. *Fuchsia* comes from Leonard Fuchs, the name of a good old German father of botany, a doctor of medicine who employed his spare time in writing one of those old botanical books classed as herbals, in Latin, and enriched with many beautiful wood-cut illustrations. He was born at the beginning of the sixteenth century, and his book was published at Basle in 1542. *Aubrietia* comes from the name of an eminent French botanist, M. Aubriet, of more modern times. *Auricula* is a diminutive of Latin *Auris*, an ear, and in this case is the second half of the Latin name of the plant. The ancients thought they noticed a resemblance in the shape of the leaf to the short and rather stumpy ears of the bear. Hence the old English name of the flower, *beares ears*, or *ursi auricula*. But, indeed, one could go on *ad infinitum* in the matter of legendary and historical lore that gathers round the names of even the most common and ordinary plants.

—EDITH J. DURRANT.

WASPS IN HEREFORDSHIRE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—This year we have killed about 160 queen wasps—many more than in any previous year. I know of another garden near here where they have taken 300. Is there any cause known for these large figures?—S. M., Bradford-on-Avon.

TAKING WASPS' NESTS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I see correspondents to your paper often asking about the taking of wasps' nests. I do not want to reiterate advice given already, but there is a method which has come to my notice lately of taking a nest in such a difficult place as the roof of a tree, where perhaps the wasps have several ways of exit, which is new to me, and its mention may possibly be of interest and help to some of your readers. It consists in filling a vessel, such as a flower-pot with the hole stopped up, with liquid coal tar and inverting this over the chief door of the nest. After waiting a while to allow the tar to go well down into the centre of the nest, a small bundle of straw soaked in tar is thrust down on the entrance and lighted. The fire then follows the tar right down into the recesses of the nest and finishes the whole work without any further necessity for digging out and drowning the inmates. This plan is beautifully simple.—H.

TRENCHERS AND THEIR USES.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—May I add a few more details to the very interesting letter in *COUNTRY LIFE* of July 20th, dealing with the use of wooden plates and drinking vessels.



Any idea that wooden vessels appertained to "the poorest abodes" is certainly disproved by your correspondent's quotations from the habits of kings and dukes; but he omits another yet more cogent argument, viz., the intrinsic beauty of the wooden cups, properly called "mazers," themselves. Whether mounted in precious metals, or simply wrought of fine maple wood, these beautiful cups have but to be looked at to entirely dissociate their use from poor abodes. I enclose photographs of both of these styles of old wooden drinking cups; the one, a double mazer cup, practically unmounted, but beautifully wrought in fine wood, the other richly mounted and obviously fit for any royal table. The importance of these wooden cups, again, is emphasised by the inscriptions and engravings upon them. Thus the "boss" of a mazer bowl now in South Kensington Museum is engraved with the Holy Rood and bears the name "Robert Chalker." Another wooden bowl in the same collection, of English make of the fifteenth century, bears an engraving of the Virgin Mary holding the Infant Christ. Another instance of the dignity of the wooden cup is the beautiful specimen in the collection of the late Mr. Evelyn Philip Shirley.

This mazer is said to be of the time of Richard II. and is made of polished maple wood, bearing on a silver-gilt rim the legend:

"In the name of the Trinite
Fille the kup & drinke to me."

Your correspondent's quotation from Pepys concerning his Christmas draught "out of a wood cup," the beverage being ale and apples, confirms the theory that wassail was served in wooden mazers; indeed, Pepys and his merry friends might well have joined in the old Gloucestershire wassailing song, which declares:

"Our bowl it is made of the maplin tree."

It is said that in more than one country church a wooden drinking bowl, or mazer, may be seen in use as an alms dish. Perhaps some readers of *COUNTRY LIFE* may have the good fortune to come across such a relic of olden times during their holiday rambles.—G. M. G.



SQUIRRELS AS PETS.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—I was much interested in Miss E. L. Turner's note about squirrels in your issue of July 20th, and should like to add a few words on the subject. I quite agree with her that they make most charming little pets. I have had mine, Jennie by name, for six and a-half years.

I bought her in February, 1901, for 10s. 6d. from a man at Windsor when she was only six weeks old. She was born and reared in a cage. I had a cage made for her similar to a dormouse's, but, of course, much larger, with a nest-box at the end (no wheel—I think them very cruel). She comes out for a run about the room several times in the day, and when she is tired comes to my feet and sits up on her hind legs like a little dog to be taken up. When she was young she used to run up my skirt and on to the top of my head in no time; but I much regret to say she is now getting very thin and feeble, although her sight, hearing and smell seem as keen as ever, and she can use her teeth on the hardest things. The only trouble I have had is with her claws, which I have had to cut from time to time since she was two years old. After a short time they grow sharp again; but they grow in a circle when they get too long, and catch in everything and hurt her. My squirrel knows what I say to her quite well, tells me in her own little way what she wants and is very affectionate. Squirrels are very thirsty little animals, and should always be able to get a drink of fresh water, as they like a good draught after eating. I could say a great deal more on the subject, but I will not trespass further on your space.—M. H. G.

WET SUMMERS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The rains of 1879, to which your correspondent "E. R." refers, are celebrated by Tennyson in the prefatory poem to his brothers' sonnets, dated midnight, June 30th, 1879:

"Midnight—and joyless June gone by,
And from the deluged park
The cuckoo of a worse July
Is calling thro' the dark."—J. D. HAMILTON.

THE ATTRACTION OF DAMP GROUND FOR CLOUDS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Has damp ground any influence on the rainfall? This is a question to which I should like to obtain an answer from meteorologists. I have noticed for years many instances of threatening clouds passing over a district without breaking, but when rain has recently fallen similar clouds break in passing. I should be indebted to some authority on the subject if he will confirm my supposition that there is a connection between damp ground and further rainfall.—SOUTH SUSSEX.

A WHITE SPIDER IN CORNWALL.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—A week or two ago I was staying in North Cornwall, and one evening, walking on the slopes of the cliffs overlooking the sea near Crackington Haven, I gathered some flowers, and among them a big field daisy, and on the stem found a large, pure white spider. Is such a thing common? Never having seen one before, I was much interested, and thought you would be able to enlighten me.—M. L. R.

[The spider was a female *Thomisus citreus*, and is not uncommon. Generally, it is more or less marked with green; but some specimens are practically pure white. It is, perhaps, more often found on the large field daisy than anywhere else.—ED.]